NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

JOHN NEAL AND H. HASTINGS WELD,—EDITORS.

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THE NEW ENGLAND GALAXY

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AGENTS.

Portland—Messrs Colman & Chisholm.
Eastport—B. H. Williams, Water-street.
Matanzas—Charles P. Butler.

MISCELLANY.

CLEVER AND HAPPY. We are glad to meet with such things anywhere; and especially so in a paper so widely circulated as the Downing Gazette; the Editors of which and ourselves ought to aim higher and higher every month, and not be satisfied with representing one phase only of our peculiar New-Englandisms. N.

'Tis Spring, 'tis Spring, I know it is,
For the signs are gathering fast—
And the sweet south wind is laden now
With more than the desert's blast—
The duster bobs, and [illegible] shake,
And carpets flap on high,
And the water drips and splatters down
On the heads of the passers by.

'Tis Spring, 'tis Spring, I know it is—
For the rubbish thick is spread
In smoking heaps by the pavement side,
And their scents on the air are shed;
From door and window echoing forth
The house-maids voice rings loud—
And the mop is splashed and mat flung out
In the face of the smothered crowd.

'Tis Spring, 'tis Spring, I know it is,
For the doors are open wide,
And the children making mud-cakes too
Are out by the green road-side.
They scream and kick the dust about,
And out on the pavements sprawl—
O, the music born of the sweet spring air,
Is that of an infant's squall. MORSEY.

[From the Cincinnati Mirror.]

A WEEK AMONG THE 'KNOBS.'

BY JAMES H. PERKINS.

'Before you leave us,' said the Judge one morning as we were waging war against the corn-cakes and honey-comb, 'before you leave us,' said he, 'I reckon you'd like to see a specimen of the Kentuck nabob; so, if you please, we'll step over the first fair day to Colonel Marshall's and make a call.' 'How far is it?' asked I. 'Thirty-five miles,' said the Judge. 'And you are going thirty-five miles to make a call!' 'Ay, my dear fellow; what's your trouble? we'll call round and spend a week—make a Kentucky call, that's the idea.'

In the course of a couple of days the wind veered westward, and the young leaves of the surrounding forests, and the herbage of the knobs and valleys came forth greener and brighter than ever. The thousand birds, whose names I know not, sang merrily; the calves in the meadow gambolled; the young colts frolicked; and the honey-bees hummed round the open windows in momentary idleness; the very swine that rooted and grunted in the orchard, seemed to be more light-hearted, and to grunt with more gout.—But though the little run at the foot of the garden, which had foamed and spattered so two days before, was now quiet and civil again, yet the creek, we were told, by Old man Anderson, was still too high for a dry passage, and we determined to wait another day and let it run down. The next morning in due season arrived, as bright and as merry as any young belle of the country round; and our horses being brought to the block, we mounted, and set off amid the shouts of twenty little negroes, whose hearts leapt for joy to think that 'massa would be gone long while,' and they escape 'mazing deal o'work.' The roads were somewhat deep, and our 'leg'ins' became very much spattered, and my own feet soaked; but the Judge, more used to Kentucky riding, managed to cross the creeks dry shod; however, it was warm, and my blood was running like mad, and I [illegible]; besides, we had a bottle of cherry bounce along, and [illegible] enough to thaw us out had we slept twenty years under an iceberg. As we journeyed, the Judge gave me a clue to the character of the Colonel. 'He's a very fair specimen,' said he, 'of the noble Kentuckian, with all his faults, and all his virtues. He was born here in a log fort; brought up with a tomahawk in one hand, and a bowl of mush and milk in the other, until he was big enough to tote a rifle, and then he took to that. He fought the Indians while there were any to fight; and when they were gone he turned to and farmed. He raised stock, and still does so, and receives ten thousand dollars cash for what he sends to market yearly. He was a colonel in our last war, and did wonders in some of the frontier skirmishes; for his courage is that of a lion, and his strength too, for that matter. In high party time, when it was dangerous to go to the polls unarmed, Marshall did more than any man about to keep the rabble in order; they feared him, for if his word was not heeded, they knew his fist, foot, cudgel, dirk, pistol, and rifle, were all ready to enforce obedience. He's a man of strong prejudice, and despises the Yankees, so you must mind and not let on that you're one; for myself, he forgives my Yankee origin, and swears, 'by Old Virginny,' it was a mistake. His hospitality is unbounded; cheap as living is to a planter, all his ten thousand a-year go to the winds in a mighty small time. In short, he's rough as a bear, noble as a lion, kind and faithful as a mastiff, and withal full of that wisdom which comes from men and not books, from studying character and nature, and tracing for himself effects to causes.'

We spent the night at a little inn on the road, and the next day about noon reached the place of our destination.—We entered through a very rusty and broken gate, which slammed to behind us, as if very much offended at being opened, upon a natural park; the green sward was short and velvety; the undulation of the surface, and roundness of the declivities, almost, as it seemed, artificial, while the scattered clumps of trees, beneath which the cattle and horses stood in sleepy and solemn happiness, gave to the scene an English air, which was scarce destroyed by the worm fences, and droves of swine—both truly American accompaniments. Nearly the quarter of a mile from the road stood the mansion—half seen, half hidden by the mass of foliage, which covered the trees and vines around it. It was a rather old fashioned looking domicil, with large windows, having very clumsy frames, and small glasses or lights, and with a long piazza or stoop, upon the north and east sides. The main building was flanked by two smaller ones, and surrounded by an infinity of log cabins, barns, stables and I know not what all.

Soon after we entered the park we started a whole covey of little woolly headed fellows, who grinned, turned up their great eyes at us, and then put out for another part of the domain with all speed, tumbling now and then head [illegible] as they rushed down the hill side. The pigs, too, half wild, would start as we came near them, [illegible]. Presently, as we came near the white garden fence, we were brought to by a voice from the right: "Hollo Judge," shouted some one; "I reckon you aint your spectacles on this morning; or else your Yankee blood is getting the better of your Kentucky raising;" and as he spoke, the speaker pushed his way, his rifle in advance, through a mass of shrubbery on one side the path. He was a tall man, and inclined to corpulency; his face was square, his mouth [illegible], and [illegible] brows his eyes shone with a look of suspicion and defiance; his head was grey, as I saw from the long locks which fell upon his coat collar, and his breast was open. "Ah! said the Judge, as the Colonel whipped his brow, "so we've caught you playing Indian—lurking in the bushes?" "Playing Indian, indeed!" said the other; "I reckon if I play Indian with you, most learned Judge, 'twill be with Ellen's shot gun or aunt Dinah's syringe, and not this old deer killer; but who's this you've got along, Judge?" "This," answered the man of law, "is a young sheet of the Buckeye bar; he came over to see some of the wild Kentucks, and so I brought him down to spend a week with you." "He's right welcome," and the Colonel strode up and shook me fiercely by the hand, "he's right welcome, I say; and I reckon if he don't find us Kentucks wild enough now, he'll not, at any rate, think us too tame; so come, stranger, you go on to the house, and I'll soon join you; and mind now, you need'nt knock, as I'm told they do in Cincinnati; I reckon we don't do nothing in our houses we're afraid to have the world see;" and so saying with long and rapid strides the Kentuckian took his way for the wood.

We jogged on to the door, [illegible]

[illegible] most direct to my heart, or rather, the place where my heart should have been, for it had been absent some time. She evidently did not know any strangers had come and singing as she ran and skipped along, was at a back door and in the room before I could say a word to my comrade. Seeing us, she stopped, blushed, and then, recognizing the Judge, sprang upon me, grasped his hand, welcomed him warmly, and then, bless me, kissed him! I drew my breath as one does when he steps into a bath of cold water. She turned to me—the Judge introduced us, and with a mingled delicacy and freedom of bearing that might have done honor to the goddess Diana, she took my hand and bade me welcome, but there was no kiss—then: in sooth, I did not expect one.

"Did you see my father?"

"Yes; he met us in the path, rifle in hand."

"Was there a young man with him?"

"No! is there one staying here?"

"There is; a young man from your own Yankee land; Mr. Clay gave him letters to father."

"A Yankee! Why is he here? I should think your father would be afraid to have him in the house."

"So he is, and plagues poor Ned almost to death; he's been here for a month past,—I dont know what for, I'm sure, but I reckon he wants to write a book about us, for he's always in his own room, scribbling like mad.—But I must go and see to your rooms, and dinner; and tell Job to turn your horses out. Where is your baggage, or I suppose, as a Kentucky girl, I should say plunder? In the entry?—well, good-bye 'till dinner time;—and so Julia's married, is she; how funny it seems—does she look much older? [illegible] "If you should wish to read, sir, we have a few volumes, not written in Cherokee either; I have some in my room besides, and if you are not so afraid of a lady's boudoir as Ned Vaughan is, come, and I'll show you the way to my castle." And away she went, as light and rapid as if innocence and health had clothed her with unseen wings. She took me to her room, a little attic, crowded with books, and pictures, and flowers, and needle-work, upon which the sunlight played fitfully, falling through a curtain of leaves, and bidding me consider it all my property, "except the needle-work," said she, "and the rest, when I want to be alone," away she bounded again, leaving me standing in her boudoir, in a happy maze of wonder, admiration, and—let me see, I think the proper word is—respect. I took up a book which lay open upon the table, and started to find it was an English edition of Coleridge's Friend, the margin crowded with pencil writing, and Ellen Marshall's name upon the title-page. To find a woman who could *con amore* read Coleridge, in the wilds of Kentucky, took me by surprise, and I never so envied the philosopher of Highgate Hill, as at that moment. By its side was a volume containing translations of several of Schiller's plays; below this was Madame de Stael's Germany, then Spenser's Fairy Queen, and I cannot say what else for the rush of ideas into my head made it swim.

To give the particulars of our sojourn at Echo-vale, (for so the estate is named,) would take too much time and paper; and I will merely sketch as I can the scene of the day before our intended departure. It was Ellen's birth-day, and the house was thrown open to all, friends and strangers.

But first of Edward Vaughan, the young New Englander, of whom I have as yet said nothing. The truth was, that he proved to be a highly respectable, talented, and good hearted fellow, and was, as I soon discovered, dead in love with Ellen. The Colonel liked him in all points only that he was a Yankee; how the lady looked upon him may be guessed from the transactions of that last, fatal day.

A week of fine weather soon passed amid hunting, and riding, and racing, and shooting, and fishing, and gardening, and eating, and drinking, and the other occupations of a Kentucky gentleman, not to mention the devotion of an hour or two a day to my backwood blue-stocking, whom I found as much deeper than myself in the mysteries of belle-lettres as in those of wood craft, and who, as her tastes and habits were at variance with those around her, seized upon me as a fellow-countryman in a foreign land, and read with me, and talked with me in a manner most dangerous and bewitching. Vaughan was afraid to trust himself alone with her, but why was a mystery to her; "I wont bite you," she said, as he turned off to his solitary chamber, while I bounded up to her little studio. "Look at him," she continued, pointing to me, "he is not either dead or crazy, Edward, though he comes to my enchanted castle ten times a day,"—but poor Ned shook his pate, and went his way sorrowfully, for he would not do any thing to bring about what he knew would make the Colonel [illegible] time but linger round the treasure he dared not touch.—"What a pity," she said to me as I threw open the little window, "what a pity he's so silent and hermitish; I really think he must be in love;" then catching my eye, she blushed, though why, she could not have told for her life, and taking the volume we were reading, "Come, Mr Sarcastic," said she, "read your lesson, like a good boy, and dont stand there staring at your mistress," and at the word mistress, she blushed again. In ten minutes we were deep in the lore of Jeremy Taylor, and as I gazed on her yet flushed countenance over which the sunlight gleamed, broken by the leaves of the honey-suckle which shrouded the window, and her own fair tresses, I did long to be a limner, not that she looked so very beautiful, but because she looked so good, so kind, so christian. A week, I say, soon passed; every day one or more persons were with us, but when Ellen's birth-day drew near, they came in, not singly, but by companies of five and ten. Every room, every out-house was filled; the pasture teemed with horses, and saddlebags were as plenty as blackberries. Ellen was forced to give up her chamber, and sleep in the little attic, so that my visits there were at an end.

The eventful day came, clothed in beauty; nature herself seemed to consider it a kind of Sabbath, at least, in our eyes it appeared so. The negroes headed by a venerable piece of ebony from Virginia, woke us with music and dancing; and, to the sound of the banjo and fiddle, sung most uncouth songs under fair Ellen's window. The forenoon was passed by some in shooting at a mark; by others in wrestling, jumping, running, swinging or lounging, and of the last I presume a Kentuckian can do as much in as little time as any man in the world, that is, if he has leisure. The Colonel and his daughter were busy preparing dinner. At 1 o'clock we dined. Of the dinner I will attempt no description, for I have no time to say what we had not, much less what we had. A vast deal was eaten, and no little drank. At three the feast was over, and a more uproarious set of mortals than came forth into the lawn, it would be hard to find of a summer's day.

Now it chanced that the Colonel had been told by some of his guests that it was reported that Ned Vaughan was to marry Ellen; it was a new idea to the old man, and his blood was boiling in a moment at the notion of a Yankee being wedded to his daughter. His wrath against Vaughan was not diminished by that youth's abstinence from, and open disapproval of, ardent spirits; and he had moreover heard something about the iniquity of slavery fall from him. "The swindlers," said he to some one near him, "they would come here with their cold-water doctrines, their fasts, prayers, and their abolition notions, and make us the same miserable, snivelling, lizard-blooded things with themselves; fit only to dig the earth, and cheat all their honest neighbors;—but I reckon they'll find it mighty hard to mount old Kentuck, after all."

In the kindly state of mind evidenced in these words, the Colonel, when a ride after dinner was proposed, ordered Job to saddle Devil-dam for Mr. Edward Vaughan. "Why, father!" cried Ellen, "you surely dont mean so; Edward's but a young horseman, and you can scarce govern that mare yourself." "Mr. Edward Vaughan, if you please, Miss Ellen," thundered the Colonel; "as for the horse, Mr. Vaughan can have that, or stay, but I trust he's not a coward, or afraid of a mare, if he be he's no business in Kentucky." "Father," replied Ellen, catching his arm, "I will stay, and Mr. Vaughan can have Flora."—"You shall neither stay, nor he have Flora; go and rig, girl, and say no more." With tears in her eyes she did so, for she saw her father was angry, and heated with liquor and knew remonstrance would be useless.

The truth undoubtedly was, that the old man wished to make Vaughan ridiculous by putting him upon a horse he could not control, for a poor horseman in Kentucky meets with but little quarter. The horses were saddled, and with many a whoop and halloo, the company mounted. I assisted Ellen to her seat, and then spoke to Vaughan, who was quietly tightening his girth, and whose composure was not shaken though he had heard all the conversation which had taken place, and knew his danger. "Never mind," said he, "faint heart never won fair lady." I smiled and so did he at the appropriateness of the proverb. We mounted and were off; at first Vaughan's mare was restive, but he soon made her almost as calm as himself, and trotted quietly on by the side of Flora and her mistress.—The Colonel, finding his plans were not [illegible]

God's sake, ride gentlemen! On, on, they will be over the bluff, they will be killed, for God's sake ride, ride to their rescue," and he was off too like the wind. We followed him as we could; I saw the fugitives near the top of the hill; I saw Vaughan struggling with his horse, and then he was by Ellen's side, and as I thought catching at her bridle, and then we swept down into the hollow and lost sight of them: when we gained the next ridge there was but one horse to be seen, and but one figure, and that was not erect. On, on we spurred, and now the whole party is racing up the hill side; the horse that is in sight is Flora, the bending figure is Ellen,—I shuddered as I thought of the fate of my late comrade. Nearer and nearer we come, and now we see that Ellen is leaning over something; it is Vaughan, senseless and bathed in blood, and she is chafing his temples,—her father is now at her side, and in a moment we all surrounded the group.

A physician chanced to be of the party and while he took charge of the wounded man, I walked to the edge of the precipice; the mutilated but still quivering creature my friend had ridden, lay among the rocks below.

A few words from Ellen told the tale; Vaughan found they were approaching certain destruction, and nearing Ellen, he managed to grasp her rein and throwing himself from his own horse, by his weight he succeeded in stopping Flora in time, but only by being himself trodden under foot and almost killed. The physician pronounced that he was only stunned, and had a few ribs broken, that was all; he was taken home on a litter made of boughs by some of the woodsmen and placed in bed. Ellen and her father returned together, and neither, I observed, said one word. For forty-eight hours it was doubtful if Vaughan would live or die, but the third day he was much better. About noon of that day the Colonel came in, and after sitting a few minutes in silence, holding the sick man's hand; "Edward," said he, "you've not only saved Ellen's life, but have saved me from being a murderer, and of my own and only child," and he laid his face upon the bed; "Colonel Marshall," said Vaughan, "I know all that you have done, and forgive you. You meant me no harm, and tho' your conduct was rash it was not criminal." "Do you forgive me!" and the old man raised his hand to Heaven, "then I may hope my Maker will forgive me. Edward Vaughan, I have suffered more in two days than in all past time else, for I felt myself a murderer; but you have relieved me from that load of guilt. For Ellen, I know your wishes, you've saved her and she's yours." "I hope I may live to receive her from your hands, sir," said Vaughan, "Live! you *shall* live.—Come, my dear fellow, none of that talk, you must live, you'll soon be well."

We stayed another week for Vaughan's sake; he recovered rapidly, and though nothing was said to Ellen by any one, yet from certain symptoms, the lotions and beverages that she made and the way she administered them, it was evident to me that Coleridge, poor fellow, would soon be neglected, and another friend perused and noted; and that as to Jeremy Taylor, he would thenceforth be seldom called upon, except perhaps for his sermon on the marriage ring.

ORIGINAL.

OUR EPHRAIM:

OR, THE NEW ENGLANDERS.

A What-d'ye-call it?—In three Acts.

ACT II.

SCENE 3. *Kitchen of a large country farm-house—huge fire-place—no fire—withered evergreens, and bushes of sweet briar in the corner—dye-pots and a spinning-wheel. Hanging-shelf running across the middle of the room, loaded with blue and white woolen yarn, heaps of dried-apples and dried-squashes, part of which hang down in festoons. A rifle and fowling-piece, with powder-horns and pouches are hung over the mantle-piece.*

UNCLE JEDADIAH *discovered asleep in a low, straight-back, leather-bottomed chair—with a cocked hat and spectacles on; the family-bible lying open upon his knees—just ready to drop—and a crutch at his elbow.* AUNT EUNICE *standing over* LYDIA SMITH, *and showing her how to manage her knitting-work—Lydia inattentive, her eyes continually wandering to the door.* MASTER TOBY *watching her from a table at which he appears to be studying.*

Aunt E. Why what on airth ails the child to-night!—here's half a needle full o' stitches dropped!—ought to a narrered here!—old enough now to turn the heel yourself!

Lyd. Ah, but Aunt Eunice! (*coaxingly*) thee ought to know that in our society, there is no turning of heel or toe—neither variableness nor shadow of turning allowed.

Aunt E. Don't tell me! (*good naturedly*) At the rate you've ben a gwyin on the last year, you ought to be able to turn heels an toes too—*dancin* aint allowed of among ye—is it? What you lookin at!—don't see anything, do ye?—why, what's the child thinkin of!—don't hear a word I say!

Lyd. I beg pardon—thee spoke of dancing—why didn't thee stay at neighbor Winslows?

Aunt E. Me!—like to ketch me there, wouldn't ye!—No, no—I only went over to sarve tea and (*Glancing at Master Toby*) keep watch o' the spoons an things we had to lend em. There!—(*hands her the knitting-work*) all smooth teamin now—putty snarl o' work you'd a made on't—if you'd a kept on a leetle while longer. (*Goes to the wheel the whirring of which is heard at intervals during the rest of the scene; at other times Aunt Eunice appears arranging the distaff, splicing the thread, &c. &c.*)—Don't forget what I told you about sarrerin—(*wheel heard*) have to do't all over agin if you do—(*Stops to draw the thread*) wouldn't trust ye to knit your own weddin garters, Liddy Smith, if ye don't mind better what's said to ye; an as for yer husband's gallusses—(*The great Bible falls—Uncle Jebadiah wakes and stretches—Lydia springs to her feet, drops her knitting-work, and stands with her eyes fixed on the street-door.*)

Aunt E. Why what's got inter the child!—get out puss! (*Makes a motion to drive away a cat, stoops and picks up something*) Here's yer ball o' yarn, jest under my feet (*reaching it to Lydia*)—little o' more an pass't a bad it! (*Master Toby rises to take the ball, Aunt Eunice catches it away and brings it to Lydia herself*) Oh ho! (*to Lydia*) thought somebody was a comin (*Smiling and smoothing down Lydia's hair, which is parted on the forehead—no curls—with a light blue ribbon passing over the front*)—just the way she used to wear it, when she fust come from Feladelphy—why what's that for!—trembles like a leaf!—pale as death!

Lyd. (*Struggling with emotion*) Nothing, Aunt Eunice—nothing at all—perhaps I've taken cold!

Aunt E. Ah Brother Jebby! brother Jebby! (*pointing to the chimney*) High time there was a fire there! Hemlock-brooms an sweet-briar, aint just the thing for a fire-place—in the month of October.

Uncle J. (*Folding his arms placidly, picking up the Bible, placing it reverently before him, and adjusting his cocked hat*) Hemlock-brooms! why there's fir-tops an spruce-pine, sister!

Aunt E. Pesky sight warmer, I spose! aint they?—(*Master Toby glances at Lydia, smiles, and blows his fingers.*)

Uncle J. Why as to that, sister—wouldn't take upon myself to say there's much diff'rence—when both's *wilted*.—Fact is—I feel rather chilly myself tonight somehow (*Rubbing his hands together*) but these air dreadful hard times!—real war times!—puts me in mind o' Ticonderoga an Valley Forge—

Aunt E. (*Peevishly*) Hadn't nothin to burn, I spose, in the dead of winter?

Tob. (*Holding both hands up to the candle, as if to warm them*) And just about as much to eat, hey?

Aunt E. (*To Master T.*) Why don't you git up an walk about, Master Toby, an stamp yer feet, an thrash yer arms, if you're so plaguy cold?

Tob. For two reasons, Aunt Eunice—I have to find my own shoe-leather; and (*showing the wool under his arm*) I've already spoilt one coat a wearing myself. (*Lydia shakes her forefinger at him*)

Uncle J. Why you know as well as I do, sister, that [illegible]

[illegible] mouths! (*Clock in another room begins to whirr, preparatory to striking—Lydia leans forward, watching the street-door, with her hands clasped in her lap, and her countenance expressing the deepest anxiety*) There tis!—nine o'clock!—(*Begins to unbutton the knees of his breeches*)

Lyd. Nine!—Oh, thee must be mistaken!

Uncle J. Time to be abed gals! (*Clock strikes*) One, two, three!—taller's pesky dear, an as pitch-knots to be had for a month—four!—five!—six!—seven!—eight!—(*After the clock stops, he counts another*)—nine!—I guess I missed one!

Aunt E. Guess you did brother!

Tob. (*To Lydia*) Only eight, Miss Lydia—

Lyd. Is thee sure it was eight—only eight!—May not the clock be a little too fast? Ah!—(*Three loud, distinct raps are heard from the apartment where the clock is—the street door flies open—Uncle Jebadiah and Aunt Eunice look at one another and appear horror-struck—Lydia's countenance brightens up—Master Toby's eyes are on the street-door, expecting somebody to enter that way*)

Tob. Walk in! (*Lydia stands trembling with her eyes upon another door*)

Aunt E. Lord-a-massy on us!—(*Covering her face*)

Uncle J. (*Both hands on the Bible, and hat off*)—Sister!—you may have a fire here whenever you like!

Aunt E. We haint long to live, one or tother of us! (*Rocking and snuffling*)

Uncle J. O Lord!—We'll begin to mend our lives right away, if thee wilt have a—a—ahem!

Tob. (*Interrupting*) And my clothes too, I hope!—(*The raps are repeated—Uncle Jebby lets go of the Bible—Aunt Eunice runs into the fire-place—Lydia goes hurriedly toward the door of the room where the raps were heard—Master Toby springs forward to prevent her*)

Lyd. Excuse me, William—that signal was for me!

Uncle J. Poor critter!—poor critter!—hope she's prepared!

Lydia throws open the door—enters—it springs to with a loud clap after her—voices are heard within the room—screams—Uncle Jebby seizes his crutch—all start up and rush to the door, which opens immediately, and—

Enter OUR EPHRAIM—*supporting Lydia in his arms—Aunt Eunice screams, Uncle Jebby flings away his crutch and takes down the rifle, and Master Toby appears on the point of attaching Ephraim.*

Eph. (*To Lydia, who recovers, and stands looking him in the face, with both hands resting on his shoulders*) Didn't I tell ye so! (*She bursts into a hysterical laugh and hides her face in his bosom*) Ever know Eph Jersey to break a promise in yer life?—(*Uncle Jebby drops the rifle and hobbles away for the light.*)

Aunt E. (*Recovering at the sound of the voice*) Why taint posserble!

Uncle J. (*Holding the candle up to his face*) Why! Our Eph!—wal, that beats all nater!—How'd ye git here!—where ye from!—Haint come home to stay, have ye?—

Eph. How 'I'ye do, Father! (*Shakes hands*) I swan! if there aint old Aunt Eunice too!—Why, how're ye ben! (*kissing her*)

Aunt E. (*Opening his coat, and looking at him with delight*) An jest as naitral as ever!—can't see a mite o' difference!

Uncle J. (*Takes off Ephraim's hat and examines it, inside and out—blowing up the fur, smoothing it, &c. &c.—Lydia supporting herself by the table, Master Toby* [illegible]) [illegible] *gins to examine the rest of the clothes*)—Considerin it's wearabouts—how long ago is it, sence you left us, Ephy?

Eph. Five years tonight, father!

Uncle J. (*Continuing the examination*) Drab corduroys don't seem much the wuss for wear, nyther! (*At this remark, Master Toby steps forward—a sudden thought appears to strike him—and after examining Ephraim's clothes for a moment, he pulls a paper from his pocket and snatching up the candle, begins to read it, occasionally glancing at the boots, hat, &c. &c. as he reads.*)

Eph. (*Observes him*) Hulob! who's that!—takin my picter, I should think mister, aint ye?

Tob. No Sir—only an inventory of your *dress* and *appearance*.

Lyd. William!—(*indignantly*)—Is it possible!

Eph. Oh, you're out a 'listen, I spose. What bounty do ye give?—rather think I shant hire out this war tho'—(*To Aunt Eunice*) Who is that chap?

Aunt E. Oh—that's only Master Toby, our new teacher, the son of old Master Toby, t'you went to school to.

Eph. *Only* Master Toby, hey?—what's he here arter?—(*Glancing at Lydia*) seems putty much to home, any how.

Tob. Oh Sir—I'm one o' the town charges and your father's bid me off in a lump this afternoon with two or three more—an idiot-boy, and a superannuated old lady of the Narraganset tribe.

Eph. (*Laughing*) That's inter you father!—up to the hub!—I'll be swamped if taint!—haw, haw, haw!

Tob. (*Hesitating—steps forward—appears irresolute*) Miss Lydia! (*Stops and struggles with himself*) Allow me to ask you a question or two—with all the plainness of a friend—of a brother. (*Agitated*) It is too late for ceremony now—(*Ephraim appears uneasy, and watches her countenance*)

Lydia. (*Gravely.*) With all my heart William—what is it?

Eph. (*Glancing from one to the other.*) *William!*—hey!

Tob. Am I to understand—I suppose I am—that this young man—is a—is a—I know of the *relationship*—

Eph. Young man!—A leetle older than you may think for, master William!

Tob. Is a—is he the individual I have supposed you to refer to—you understand me. (*Pointing to the blue ribbon in her hair.*)

Lyd. The same, William—I *do* understand thee—this blue ribbon, the only ribbon I ever wore in my hair, or ever will, and therefore I refused the one thee offered me, was the gift of Ephraim Jersey, that young man that stands there—

Tob. I've not another word to say. (*Searching his pocket and producing a letter.*)

Lyd. But *I* have!—The interest I feel is not that of relationship merely. Five years ago, this very night—as the clock struck eight—we parted at that very door, (*Pointing to the street door*) he to seek his fortune and establish a character, and I to become, if he *desired* and deserved it, at the end of five years, a faithful and affectionate wife—thee knows everything now. There Ephraim! (*Putting her hand into his.*) There!—if thee has kept thy promise, I shall keep mine. (*Master Toby walks about greatly disturbed.*)

Eph. An' what sort o' proof do ye want Liddy, that I have kep my promise?—that I have *established a character*? And that I do deserve ye?

Lyd. Thy simple word Ephraim.

Eph. (*Much affected.*) And will that satisfy you?

Lyd. Yes. (*Master Toby, who has been watching their countenances, here turns away greatly disturbed—stands playing with the papers.*)

Eph. But if a feller want jest the thing Liddy, [illegible]

[illegible] thee even as Ruth said of yore—Thy God shall be my God, and whither thou goest I will go.

Eph. (*Catches her hands to his mouth in a transport—recollects himself—and kisses them awkwardly*) Thats complete!—Wal then—to tell ye the truth, *I have established a character*—(*She turns away to conceal her emotion.*) But—whether a good or a bad one, Liddy, remains to be proved!

Lyd. (*Reproachfully and half withdrawing her hand.*) How can thee, Ephraim! (*Uncle J. lifts a crutch at him.*)

Aunt E. Ought to be ashamed, our Ephy—[illegible]

Eph. Aunt Eunice!—father!—Liddy!—I mean just what I say! Whether my character is good or bad 'll depend upon the say-so of other folks—an' I aint altogether sure; but this I know—an' I hope you'll bear it in mind an let it comfort you, if anything should happen—I've done about enough to establish a good character—in my own opinion! an' you'll just please to let that go for what it's worth; an' what's more, I aint a mite afraid to tell you, Liddy (*With difficulty and great earnestness*) that I do deserve you—come what may! (*To master Toby*)—what are you starin at mister—hey!

Tob. I beg your pardon sir!—But if you will do me the favor just to look at these papers—at your earliest leisure—(*significantly*) and by yourself—and give me your opinion of the matter, when I see you again (*Going*) I shall be exceedingly obliged to you. (*Beckoning him toward the door, and giving him the letter and the hand-bill.*)

Aunt E. Dear suz! if he dont think our Ephy's a lawyer!

Uncle J. Oh, then I know what's about, an' I'll git a copy o' the original agreement—not a word about mendin there. (*Eph reads the handbill and the letter in spite of Master Toby—who tries to prevent him and loses all patience with him at last.*)

Tob. Wel sir—can you explain that? (*Eph appears troubled.*)

Eph. (*Losing his self-possession for a moment.*) No sir, I cannot! (*All stare—he recollects himself and adds.*) But there's Father an' Liddy—maybe they can!—(*Reaching the papers to Lydia—*)

Tob. Gracious God!—you would'nt! would you?

Eph. Yes, but I would though!

Tob., What!—(*suspiciously*) when you cannot explain it yourself!

Eph. Yes—an for that very reason! I'd like to try her faith! (*At this moment Lydia catches his arm and points at the window, and Aunt Eunice screams.*)

Uncle J. (*Catching up his rifle.*) *Why!* what's the matter now!

Aunt E. (*Frightened and pointing.*) I saw somebody lookin in at the winder!

Uncle J. Tiddle de doo—an' what if ye did! no injuns about now-a-days; but I rather guess ye did'nt—rather too high up for that.

Lyd. I saw two or three faces, sir—might they not be on horseback? (*All rush to the door—Ephraim disappears—after a few minutes the rest return and stand listening—distant voice heard, calling.*)

Uncle J. Whisht!—whisht!—them's hoss's hoffs, aint they?

Aunt E. Guess they be! An' there they go now! full jump!—right over the tops' the ledge there! Lord, how the sparks fly!

Uncle J. When I first went to the door, I thought I seed somethin' like a hoss standin' out there in the middle o' the road—but when I looked agin, he was gone.

Aunt E. So did I!—an' a plaguy large feller he was too.—I did'nt know but he was waitin' for somebody—[illegible]

Tob. (*All look about astonished* [illegible] *among them.*) Well where is he now [illegible]!—

Aunt E. (*Frightened.*) Lord-a-massy! brother Jebby! you haint forgot them three raps, have ye!

Uncle J. Wal—that beats all nater! (*Turning to Master T.*)

Tob. (*Gravely.*) I doubt whether you will see him again to-night, if ever!

Aunt E. Don't say so master Toby!—don't—don't!—

Lyd. Heavenly Father!—what's [illegible] William!

Re-enter EPHRAIM—*greatly disturbed.*

Tob. (*Astonished at his return.*) Is it possible, sir! (*Significantly.*) Did you not observe a horse in the middle of the road—standing there unhitched?

Eph. Yis—an the skunk knew me, as soon's ever I come a-near him—used to belong to me!—but jest when I was a gwyin to grip his nose for old acquaintance sake, what doose he do, but jest rairs up!—a thing he never dun afore in his life—and whirls round an let's fly both heels within a foot o' my head! and afore I know'd where I was, down jumps a great long feller from the fence there by the leetle bed-room winder! (*Pointing to the room where the clock is,*) an onto the hoss an off as tight as he could spring! afore I knowd where I was. I hollared arter him, but he wouldn't stop, nor touch to—no stop to him!

Aunt E. and Uncle Jeb. (*Speaking together!*) Dear suzz!—Why how ye talk!—Got a sight o' the feller—*hey*?

Eph. Yis—twant good for much though—had on a straight coat an a four-cornered hat, flappin away like all possest!

Tob. Was that horse you speak of a large bay?

Eph. Wal—I rather guess 'twas.

Aunt E. Wal Eph—what do ye think he was arter?

Eph. Arter supper, I should say—

Aunt E. Git out with yer nonsense——

Lyd. Probably some of the young men, who have heard of the dance at neighbor Winslow's.

Eph. A darnde, hey!—an over to neighbor Winslow's!—come along Liddy!—just hook on (*offering his arm.*)

Lyd. Why Ephraim!—would thee have me go to a dance?

Tob. And in that dress! (*significantly*). Are you crazy, sir?

Lyd. An why not in that dress, William?—I see nothing in the dress to be ashamed for.

Aunt E. (*Angrily.*) Hy-pe-tites!—the dress is a whole dress—an a clean dress—an what's more, Master Toby, I rather guess it's paid for!—I hope you'll go now Ephy, if its only to show the neighbors 't ye aint altered for the wuss—an if I was Liddy, I'd insist on gwyin to——

Eph. Don't feel much ashamed of me, Liddy—do ye?

Lyd. No——not much! (*Smiling and placing her arm in his.*) We friends think very little of the outward man, William; and to tell the truth (*affectionately*) I have rather a partiality for this particular suit of clothes.

Eph. Put that in your pipe and smoke it!——Master William!

Tob. (*Proudly.*) Then, sir——if you are determined that Miss Smith shall see the papers, I hope she will cast her eye over them, before she goes.

Eph. Wal now, that's good natered o' you—don't ye think so?

Lyd. Upon my word William, I had quite forgotten the papers!—What did I do with them?—Oh, here they are! (*Finds them.*)

Eph. (*To Master Toby, who remonstrates with him.*) Oh its no sort o' use, I tell ye—I want her to see em!—read em Liddy! an judge for yourself!

Tob. But consider, I pray you——you have acknowledged you cannot explain them.

Eph. Wal—what o' that!—I want to try her!

Tob. I am afraid you will *try* her! (*Lydia reads the letter—smiles—takes up the handbill, and proceeds with that, comparing the description, article by article, with* [illegible] *of Ephraim.*)

Eph. [illegible]

Tob. Gracious God! are you out of your senses? (*Uncle Jeb. reads.*)

Eph. Rather guess I aint—fact is, I don't see much difference between a friend an an enemy, if the friend only believes you honest, when he's obliged to—[illegible] fore. Wal, father! (*Uncle Jeb. continues reading*)—What 'e you got to say for yourself?

Uncle J. Tell ye in a minute. (*Goes over them* [illegible] *and time—comparing the dress with the description—dead silence—folds them up carefully and puts them* [illegible] *in a huge pocket-book.*) What have I got to do [illegible] myself? (*Gripping his crutch and seizing Ephraim by the collar.*) You dog you!—that's what I've got to say for myself! (*All interfere.*) I aint so easy satisfied as these folks; so maybe you'll find it out!

Eph. (*Tearing himself away*) [illegible]—clear Master Toby!—stand clear father!—I'm out of my time now, an' I want be thrashed by you, nor by any body else that walks the airth—Lift yer crutch at me, an by Gorry! if I don't lay you on your back, an' you on top of him, Master Toby! afore you can say Jack Robinson!

Uncle J. (*Sternly.*) Ephraim Jersey! (*Lydia interferes and then retires.*)

Eph. (*Watching Lydia.*) Tell ye what, father—that aint the way for you to talk to me—[illegible] to know it! (*Aunt E. throws up her hands and eyes in amazement and horror, and Lydia appears frightened.*)

Uncle J. Wal, no taint! (*Dropping his crutch and speaking with emotion.*) Ephy!—my boy!—whatever else you may do, I'm sure you'll speak the truth—if you aint most confoundedly altered!—Just answer me a question or two, will ye?

Eph. Yes—if you'll let that go for [illegible]

Lyd. (*Reproachfully.*) Ephraim!

Eph. Wal there!—I will behave! [illegible] father!

Uncle J. Wal then, fust and foremost [illegible]

Eph. No father.

Uncle J. Aw you a thief an a robber?

Eph. Not by two chalks!

Uncle J. Wal then—how comes these air clothes o' yourn to fay so completely with this are handbill?

Eph. Not knowin, can't say, father.

Uncle J. Humph!——do you know any thing about the robbery?

Eph. No.

Uncle J. Wal—one more question Ephy; an then you may go. Not that I mistrust ye now; only I should like to have it to say, if any body asks me, that I have your word for't.

Eph. Wal—out with it father.

Uncle J. Have you ben a passin counterfeit money?

Eph. Shouldn't like to say.

Aunt E. High! (*Mouth wide open.*)

Lyd. (*Comes up to his side to see if he is really serious.*) Did I understand thee rightly, Ephraim?

Uncle J. That wont do Eph—know you of old. Answer me right off the reel——yes or no!

Eph. Wal then if you want let it go any further—yes! (*All stand looking at one another in profound astonishment.*) Come along Liddy!—its gettin late and father wants to be abed.

Aunt E. (*Shaking her fore-finger at him.*) Your'e at your old tricks agin, our Eph.

Eph. Come along Liddy!—if you aint afeard to trust me, and aint ashamed o' my clothes. (*She looks at him, and putting her arm into his, and pulling on a shawl about her in silence—they leave the house together.*)

Uncle J. (*Looking after him and shaking his head.*) That boy's guilty——I'm sure on't.

Aunt E. Why brother Jebby!—if he was do ye think he'd be such a natural fool as to go there to-night?

[illegible] passin the counterfeit money; an that's what all that to do was about this afternoon, away up river.

Aunt E. Wal I say, brother Jebby, guilty or not guilty, he'll come out bright. And I'm gwyin to bed. (*Going.*)

Uncle J. An' so am I. (*Going.*)

Tob. And I——Good night. (*All clear out.*)

END OF ACT II.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

TAR-BRUSH SKETCHES.

BY A FELO-DE-SE.

NO. 11.

THE first person I met after doubling the corner, was my ship-mate, old Jack Kellum—and most gloriously corned he was too;—so much so that I don't believe he would have seen me, if in my hurry I had not plumped my head into his bread-basket. The concussion, which brought me up *standing*, would have carried him down, *falling*, had it not so happened that I pushed him bodily against the dead wall of a court, shaking the plastered tenement so roughly that it is a wonder the crazy concern did not go by the board. The whole family, who were dozing a sort of a half siesta in the court, *sprung to the door*; the father, with a hopeful son at each wing, in the van, vociferating all sorts of Spanish oaths, supported by the mother and daughters an uncertain number, in the rear. These latter peeped most maliciously from under their long black eyelashes over the shoulders of the male creatures, and I expected nothing short of being cut up and stuffed into paper cigars, like pig's meat into sausages; when a new danger appeared from another quarter. A body of soldiers, headed by my old friends of the road, made their appearance, and [illegible] Fiferail, seemed to occupy the situation of the ass between two stacks of hay, *reversed*; for, inasmuch as that capricious beast did not know which stack to begin upon, and came near being starved in consequence; I did not exactly know which of my heaps of friends would eat me with the best appetite, and in that delicate situation came as near dying of fright as my four-footed prototype did of starvation.—All at once, my pursuers came to a dead stand—doffed their hats, and commenced making the sign of the cross industriously—my antagonists of the gate-way ceased [illegible] their imprecations, and assumed devotional attitudes. I looked in the direction to which their eyes were turned and saw a procession, which upon its first heaving in sight, at a long distance, had caused the sudden suspension of hostilities. It was headed by priests, bearing the graven, or rather waxen image of some adorable saint or saintess, flanked on each side by a bare-headed [illegible], and followed by devotees. 'Here was a group for a painter' is a common expression with scribblers, but I can tell [illegible] as good a story. I have three groups to exhibit to the reader. There—to the left, are a dozen soldiers, [illegible] stood mute, as if Medusa's ugly mug had been popped into their faces;—their heads, [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] friends who have now worked up close to us. Obliged to relax my hold upon Jack—I am crowded from him by the multitude,—but one of the soldiers has seized me by the collar with the left hand, while he secures himself with his right. Casting an eye back to the spot where I left my comrade, I see him still there, hat and all, notwithstanding the unmannered crowd, swaying to and fro like a lofty poppy in a bed of some diminutive companions. A shout of [illegible] among the angry multitude against the heretic, who obstinately persists in keeping his head covered in presence of [illegible] his lordship;—I never learnt the name of this particular divinity. There! somebody aims a blow at his head—the cap which was intended to take his hat off, has taken his body off—its legs. Tottering, staggering to his fall, down he goes; there is a rush to the spot—[illegible] my soldier loosens his grasp—and I am [illegible] escaping. Jack soon rose, and as I left the field I caught a glimpse at his arms,—[illegible] his armorial bearings notwithstanding. Two arms [illegible] the great and manifest bodily danger of the divinity, and the attendant black gowns and [illegible]—I did not wait the issue, but improved the [illegible] to make myself scarce.

* * * * * * * * *

Didn't my head ache! My feet, my legs—back—shoulders—the whole frame, indeed, had been so thoroughly strained and racked by my peripatetic labors, as the [illegible] of an old ship when she has carried sail through a stiff breeze. 'Ben Fiferail, Ben Fiferail,' said I to myself as I sat in a shore boat, during the last scene of the [illegible] in which I had played gentleman,—the passage from the quay to the brig—'Ben Fiferail, what have you gained by this day's trip to Lima?—Pull for the fore chains, the fore chains!'—But the [illegible] of a Spaniard laid me along side at the gangway.

—[illegible]

'Oh certainly, certainly,' said I, and I kicked my shoes off into the boat. 'Well there is some comfort any way, in being [illegible] for a gentleman for a day, though it does cost me my last copper, and my shoes thrown in for a passage off.' I stepped up the side ladder, and was making for the forecastle. 'Here, you Ben Fiferail, scull your carcass aft here.' There is no dodging the master's summons, so I reluctantly tacked about, and went to the quarter deck. The Captain was enjoying an Havana on the hen-coop, and wished to amuse himself by a cross-examination of your humble servant. 'So, Ben,—steady! oh you need not hold up the capstan—if you can't stand without Mr. Foster shall rig a backstay for you.'

Now Ben Fiferail, thought I, impudence help you, in your utmost need.

Where have you been sir?

'I have been—ah!—and I danced a few. Capt. Backstay had knocked some ashes, a shade too hot, upon my naked feet.

Where are your shoes?

Dropped them *over the side* sir.

Now, young man, (tossing his cigar overboard) I was requested by your friends to keep an eye upon you. I want to know sir, first, what you mean by spending the Sabbath in the way you have done, and be d—d to you. Who gave you permission to go ashore?

I thought you did sir.

I did not give you liberty to go on shore at seven bells in the morning, and base round in the grog shops about the landing with a pack of drunken sailors, all day.

I have been to Lima, sir.

Indeed! so have I,—and if you please, we'll compare notes, to see whether your observations upon Lima, and mine agree. Did you go to the Plaza?

Yes sir.

Hem—did. Well, don't you think a fountain would improve its appearance?

I think the one already there would bear some overhauling and repairing.

Then there is a fountain there, hey? What does it look like?

Right amidships there's a bronze image with nothing on but his shirt, standing on one leg, with a speaking trumpet to his mouth,—and round about him is a basin, and all sorts of graven images sitting on their hams, round the rim; all spouting water into it.

All that you might get from a book, or from hearsay. I must question a little further,—and here he put me forty questions more or less—laughed at my expedient of wearing my stockings in my pocket to save them, and finally convinced himself that I had in reality been to Lima. He then went into just such a *paternal* lecture as Pat says the Dutch uncle gave his nephew,—gave me a long lecture upon morality, interworded and spiced with a *few* of those elegant expressions peculiar to the nautical vernacular—breaking one of the commandments at every breath, at least, to enforce the necessity of respect for the other nine. At the first break in his sermon, I turned to go forward.—'Hearkee, Ben, said he, wasn't it d—d lucky that the Spaniard's boat caught your shoes when they dropped over the side? I saw the whole manœuvre, you young thief.—The next time you want to go ashore, you shall go like a reasonable being—come to me, and get liberty for a week—and some money.'

Thank ye sir. An odd winding up for such a preachment any way, thought I. Can't exactly understand it, but suppose it will come out well enough.

Old Jack came off the next morning, minus money, hat, shoes, kerchiefs, and shirt! The latter he gave the boatman for bringing him off. We never could understand exactly how he got clear of the enraged Catholics—nor could he, I believe—though he swore he drove the whole gang, and was left in possession of the street, and that he marched fore and aft in it with a Yankee flag spread till dusk—alone, "and," he added, giving a significant glance at me "I didn't want no chicken hearted run-a-ways to come within hail of me!"

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

THE STORY OF E. B.

CHAPTER III.

Having adjourned to the supper-room, the little gipsy drew me aside for a moment, under pretence of showing me where to leave my cloak and visor if I chose to unmask, but in reality, as I apprehend now, for the purpose of showing to somebody present how completely she had me in her power. At the time, I had other suspicions—I thought her object was to find a favorable light and a position for [illegible], and it was not till after we had separated, and I had returned to the dreary solitude of my lodgings, [illegible] 'dazzled and drunk with beauty,' but astonished and [illegible] that I began to have other and very different views [illegible]

[illegible]

But I did not understand her—[illegible] of what I understood to be their importunity [illegible] I felt her hand upon my arm—it trembled—and [illegible] half-sobbing, half-laughing, she said, You are the [illegible] not much—pray recollect yourself.

Madam, said I—what am I to understand by all this—Are the people you speak of, laughing at you or me?

For Heaven sake, don't speak so loud—they'll hear you.

And what if they do?

And what if they do!—was it be possible! and again she looked at me, as if to be sure that I was in earnest, when having satisfied herself, something like a smile played, for a moment about her beautiful mouth, and then she added in a low, sweet and rather impassionate voice, I thought—Allow me to say, my dear sir, that it is no longer proper for us to be seen together.

Madam!—said I, rather loftily; I have been strangely misunderstood—allow me to look for your friends. They cannot be far off.

Not far off!—she exclaimed—locking her hands and forgetting herself, and then turning away as if determined to escape my importunity—better than you ever saw them do it at the stage; and then as if unwilling to leave me in error, and to the consequent self-upbraiding natural to a romantic and generous nature which has been greatly misunderstood, she stopped and blushing and faltering more than I myself had five minutes before, she added—People [illegible] say, that you appear under a very strange misapprehension—

Misapprehension!—surely, my dear madam, said I—surely, nothing I have said can justify you in believing me disposed to take any, the least advantage of your—and I heard a whispering at my elbow, and began to get uncomfortable—of your unbending kindness and condescension—the whispering grew louder and more general, and I thought I could hear a something like that of suppressed giggling.

This is really too much!—said the gipsey, getting more embarrassed at every word, and almost making mouths at me.

Indeed and indeed, continued I—nothing was farther from my thoughts I assure you than to offer you the least appearance of disrespect; and if you will but allow me to look for the friends I saw with you, or even to see you to a place of safety—

Good Lord, what a fool you are! cried the little gipsey, losing all patience at last, and running off—You are making yourself ridiculous forever!

I was thunderstruck. A general tittering followed by *Well done the parson!* at my elbow, brought me to my recollection.

I turned in wrath—It was young Lord Harry, himself! Had it been his father—the old Lord Harry—I should have been quite as well pleased, I dare say.

Fellow! said my Lord Harry, flourishing what I took for a riding-whip, which he had worn concealed in his coat-sleeve, and I have come to chastise you for your impertinence, and now! stepping forward as if to seize me by the collar.

Scoundrel! said I—catching him by the throat and flinging him off with a facility that astonished all the bystanders and myself still more, if the truth must out; for my Lord Harry was taller and heavier and apparently much stronger than I.

Ah! said he—gathering himself up, adjusting his clothes and bowing with the greatest possible suavity, I beg your pardon, sir! It is then as I believed!—and may I be allowed to say, as I *hoped*. Having to do with a man of the world—here he drew forth a magnificent card-case, and fingering over the cards for a moment, selected one which he offered me between his finger and thumb—with another bow, even lower than the first, and a smile of unspeakable courtesy.

To show that I understood him, and was not to be intimidated, though between ourselves, I had no idea of quarrelling with a stranger if I could help it—I drew forth a ragged morocco wallet in reply, and labelling a card, thrust it toward him with a most magnificent air I promise you. The bystanders, even the boldest held their breath.

But no sooner did my Lord Harry's eye fall upon the superscription of the card than his countenance changed—he grew pale—trembled and the bystanders observed it and mentioned it after we had gone away, and after struggling for a minute or so more with himself, he begged to know, but in a voice altogether more gentlemanly, and with a manner exceedingly respectful to say the least of it, whether *that*—showing me the face card I had given him—was the—the—he hoped I would forgive him, but he had reasons that he hoped to have an opportunity of explaining, to justify him in imputing such an extraordinary and perhaps impudent question—but would I be kind enough to say whether *that* was really and truly the address of the individual whom he had the honor of addressing.

Vexed, I knew not why—for as I have said before, his manner was exceedingly respectful, I begged him to have done with such foolery. I was in no humor for child's play.

Sir, said he—upon my *honor* you wrong me! *If that is* your name, I beg your pardon for what I have said—nay more, I insist on apologizing to you, before all these strangers; and offering you—instead of what I first intended—neither more nor less than my hand, and if you will condescend to accept it after what has passed—my friendship!

The bystanders began to look about them with anxious eyes and half-open mouths, perplexed and wondering I dare say, who the devil a personage of such importance could be.

My Lord! I know not how to understand you: but am willing to hope for the best, and therefore (with unspeakable dignity)—*therefore* do I consent to answer your question by saying *That is my name.*

Come with me then! said he—Come with me! and if I don't make you the happiest man upon the face of the earth—except myself—then say that I have deceived and insulted you.

What could I do?——He had slipped his arm through mine as he spoke and the next minute we were seated together in his carriage, on our way to——but that must do for another chapter.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

ANNIVERSARY WEEK.

A SCENE IN A FARM HOUSE.

Sunday, May 24, before church time in the morning.

Father Ploughshare, an old Farmer, who despises, as a deacon should, the vain knowledge of the world, and wishes to small account of his resemblance to the apostle, in using 'great plainness of speech.' He is nevertheless constantly lamenting his want of education and 'straitness' himself and family, that his son Zeb may be 'college larnt' [illegible]

Mother Ploughshare's a devoted helpmate, and cooperates with her husband in bringing out Zeb.

Zebulon Ploughshare, the hopeful son aforesaid, who returned the evening before, from spending Anniversary Week in Boston.

(*One or two sisters—breakfast table, spread with a substantial, but homely breakfast—pan coffee—brown in red milk-pan—brown bread—homespun linen table cover.*)

Mother. Why Zebby my son, you don't appear to relish your breakfast. Afore you went to Andover and Amherst, it did a body good to see you eat.

Zebulon. (*With ill concealed disgust*) Oh mother, I have eaten much, very much. (*Splitting a bone as he speaks.*)

Father. Well Zebulon, let's hear something about the meetin. On Monday, there was the Charitable Society;—

Zeb. Yes father, the annual report was very satisfactory, Mr —— told me—

Fath. Why, wan't you there?

Zeb. You see I went out to Dedham at seven o'clock—

Fath. Was there an Anniversary meetin at Dedham?

Zeb. No father, but I never was on a railroad before—

Mother and sisters all speaking at once. Did you go on the railroad? How does it go? How does it look? What is it like? What do they eat? Wasn't you afraid?

Fath. [illegible]

Zeb. [illegible]

[illegible] they did not start till seven o'clock, and when I got back [illegible] it was pretty much all over.

F. And you paid the sexton?

Z. Oh, brother —— told me.

F. No matter what brother —— told you. You paid how much?

Z. Only a dollar.

Mother and sisters. Only a dollar! and such a ride. Oh my! How did it go, Zebby?

Z. Why mother, you know there's a locomotive.

M. Lokemo—what is it Zebby?

Sisters. You don't know! do tell! and then what, Zeb?

F. Did you get without breakfast?

M. No you didn't did you? Might make you sick.

Z. Why no, they all bought some breakfast, and I did not want to appear mean and countrified,—

M. Certainly not, certainly not.

F. So you bought a breakfast?

Z. Yes father.

Sisters. How did the railroad go?

Z. It seemed almost as much alive as Mr Maelzel's automata.

M. Do tell! Tomatos so early! you got some seed I hope, our'n aint come up yet. Who is the man, Mr Maelzel—he's a furriner, aint he?

Z. (*Assuming a look of proud superiority*) I am sorry my dear mother, you are so lamentably ignorant—Mr Maelzel's automata are inanimate figures, that move and almost speak.

F. Kind of a puppet show?

Z. Yes.

F. Did you have to ask Brother —— whether that was satisfactory or not?

Z. Why—ah—you know father, Mr Maelzel is the greatest mechanic of the age, and really deserves encouragement—

F. So you gave him a dollar?

Z. Only half a dollar, father.

F. Only half a dollar! Why we [illegible] week, and give the [illegible] to save it.

M. Don't be so hard Mr Ploughshare, young folks must sow their wild oats.

F. Well—well, let me see how much of a harvest we're goin to have. Did you stop at Deacon Stokes's?

Z. The Stageman didn't know Deacon Stokes, and I set down in the bar-room, where the stage stopped. There were three or four more young men came to the Anniversary, in the same stage with me, and they came in and got a glass of water spiced, and then took their baggage and walked away somewhere. Somebody asked the landlord who they were, and he said—'people come to sponge their city cousins, I suppose.' I didn't want to be thought countrified—

F. So you boarded at the tavern all the week?

Z. Yes father.

F. And paid a pretty round price too, I spose?

Z. Only eight dollars—

F. *Only* eight dollars!

Z. The bar was supplied with the choicest wines, and the larder with all the delicacies of the season, as the newspaper said.

F. So you paid eight dollars for wine and viands, and your mother and sisters here to home drinking pea-coffee and eating potatoes; oh Zebulon! Zebulon!

M. Do recollect father, you was young once.

F. Yes, and I shall grow old pesky fast, if Zeb spends the whole produce of my farm for *wine and viands*. Did you see Deacon Stokes at all?

Z. I meant to have gone to his house Monday evening, but a gentleman asked me to go to the theatre to see Madam Celeste—

All except Zeb. You didn't go I hope! such a wicked place!

M. Oh the temptations that children is exposed to!

Z. (*Looking down on his six feet form as she says children.*) Why the gentleman said he'd give me a ticket—and I did not want to refuse, and appear countrified!

M. Ah well, so long as you did not throw away any money, it aint so bad.

F. Where did you go on Tuesday?

M. You need not speak so cross, Mr Ploughshare, I'm sure. If the boy had an invite to go to the theatre, [illegible] for nothin, why it aint such an awful [illegible] ought to learn experience.

Z. Tuesday I waited at the hotel, by appointment, till [illegible] o'clock, and then it was too late to attend the Temperance meeting. The gentleman who went to the theatre with me, was to call and pay me some money, but he did not come.

F. Pay you money, for what pray?

Z. I lent him a couple of dollars.

M. Oh you wicked—to throw away your money at the devil's church! Such waste and dissipation.

F. Tell me at once, did you go to any meeting while you was in Boston? (*Drawing his hat from under the table and throwing it at Zeb, covered with chalk figures.*) There I began to cast up what you had thrown away—but I'll take a shorter tack. How much have you got of the money I gave you?

Z. Two dollars.

F. Twenty eight squandered like a fool. You don't get another copper from me, called to preach or not.

Z. I told the Stagedriver you would pay him on Monday.

F. Where's your two dollars?

Z. Eh—eh—*the* gentleman has not paid me yet—but he will.

F. Get out for a fool. Tomorrow put on your frock and take your goad in hand.

M. Recollect Mr. Ploughshare, tis but a twelvemonth since he was seriously awakened. (*Deacon Ploughshare whistles Yankee Doodle.*) And a fortnit ago he got a call to preach!—Parson —— said so, and you said so, and so did everybody that heard his experience. (*The Deacon hums the chorus.*) Well if you haint any respect for me, you might have for yourself—whistlin profane tunes on the Sabbath. (*The Deacon ceases.*)

F. Zebulon Ploughshare, you have been weighed in the balance and found wantin. I always was sort o' suspicious of religion taken in with a jerk as yourn was, and now you may make up your mind to go to work—work you shall or starve. Mrs Ploughshare, if you and the gals are goin to meetin to day, you'd better be gittin ready.

The old man was right. In a long life, much of it spent in the experience and practice of sincere, everyday christianity, he has witnessed the growth of the innovation which substitutes impulse for experience, and degrades the application of the term 'experience' to the mere history of the excited feelings of half an hour. He had seen the [illegible] change in conduct which was once necessary to church fellowship, superseded by a 'change' wrought in a twinkling. He had doubted the efficacy of such sudden transformations—and it was only parental partiality which had induced him for a moment to flatter himself that a booby like Zeb [illegible] W.

DR BEECHER. Charity does not require us to believe that a man is right, whose opinion is different from that which we believe to be right. We cannot believe [illegible] *black and white* at the same moment. So says Dr Beecher. *Answer.*—True. But we may believe the [illegible] right, though the opinion [illegible] wrong. N.

RAPID IMPROVEMENTS. There is nothing [illegible] W.

[illegible]

NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1835.

NOTICES OF PUBLICATIONS.

POEMS BY ANNE CHARLOTTE LYNCH. Owing to a strange accident, not worth explaining here, we never happened to see the letter enclosing a copy of these poems, nor the poems themselves (which are all printed on one sheet of paper, though not published, being intended only for private circulation) till about five minutes ago. We have had no time in reading them—hardly enough to be sure, but still with sufficient deliberation to see all their faults, if not all their beauties; and now we have no time in saying what we think of them.

In the first place of their faults. There is nothing like a fault-finder to help forward a youthful, spirited and ambitious girl. It is sure to do her good; and then, if she happens to know that critics in general, and ourselves in particular, are in the habit of finding fault where others praise, and of praising where others find fault—if we can do so conscientiously, why the more fault we find with her, the more comfortable it ought to make her—if she value other people's opinion very much. Our motives are these—let others speak for themselves—in the young and unsettled we look for beauties rather than faults, with a view to encourage them, if they are worth encouraging; in the old and established, we look for faults rather than for beauties, that their example may not lead others astray.

The first fault of these poems, taken them together, is one so common as to be almost characteristic of the youthful and the generous, who have the true fire burning within them. Carried away by what they are delighted with in the doings of other people, the best and boldest embodyings of their own thoughts is exceedingly apt to be attended by a thickening forth of that which properly belongs to another. Her winds are [illegible]—and like the ocean they reflect whatever passes over them. In other words they are, like all creatures of genius, prone to *imitation*; but being unskilful, their imitation is not enough concealed nor qualified. Miss Lynch has read Byron too exclusively; and therefore it is that we catch, if not the shadow, at least the *perfume* of his more marked movements, in several of her fine passages. For example—in her apostrophe to the Mediterranean. So too in—'There hath she fallen as the dolphin, more brightly beautiful in her last agonies.' There she is indebted to Don Juan, where the day '*dies like a dolphin!*'—we believe it occurs also in Childe Harold.

Another fault—and *but* one of the sort have we met with, a circumstance much to the credit of her musical ear, is the following.

> 'How mild and gentle is the balmy breeze
> That floats around, the sweet *perfume* bestowing.'

Mild and *gentle* are too much alike—however it is not of that, a very common sort of tautology, we complain, but of the mistake in the word *perfume*. The quantity is wrong. The substantive perfume is accented on the *first*, and not on the *second* syllable.

And now of the excellencies—for there are many and great excellencies in these poems. They are sound, healthful, sincere, and of themselves enough to *prove* that the fair girl who wrote them—has a treasury of unutterable thoughts for translation—and we hope for publication hereafter. Let her proceed. She owes it to herself—her sex—her country and her Maker, to aim high, and to persevere so long as there is life in her. Excellent as much of this poetry is—we venture to hope, nay to believe, that she will yet be ashamed of the best of it. We thank the friend who furnished us with the copy; and beg him to believe that accident only has prevented an earlier notice. N.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL. Amongst the republications of British Periodicals in this country, this holds a high rank in point of utility. Its contents are history, biography, tradition, descriptive sketches of countries, natural history—in fine, useful knowledge of almost every description—generally brief, and always in language intelligible alike to the student of the particular science treated of, and to the general reader. It is enlivened with an occasional tale—has none of the modern humbug and gaggery about it—and to sum all in a word, is a cheap, useful and unpretending periodical. New-York: R. J. Richards.—Boston: Samuel Colman.

P. S. If the publishers serve us as some others have done—the publishers of the Penny Cyclopedia and Littel's Museum, for instance—give us a number only at intervals of six months, all the above goes for nothing. W.

GLEAMS OF TRUTH, *or Scenes from Real Life*, by Joseph Tuckerman. Boston and Cambridge. Jas Munroe & Co.

We should recommend this book to all who are not afraid of becoming *religious*—we do not say *pious*, for that smacks a little too much of sectarianism—but *Religious*; kind-hearted and reverentially affectionate to our Father above. N.

KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE, May 1. The best number by far, we have yet happened to meet with. *English Caricatures*, by Flint, capital. *The Passions*, by Grenville Mellen—exalted and fervent, worthier of what the man really *is*, than anything we have seen for a long while. *Our own Country*, by James, of the Portland Advertiser, now gone abroad, hey?—Full of thought, and generally speaking, very good thought, packed into the sententiousness of screwed hay—with the clover blossoms all in it. Other papers—too numerous to mention; with two or three more first rate. Verily, verily, we begin to have hopes of the Knickerbocker. N.

LADIES COMPANION, Vol 2, No I. for May, embellished with a fine view of the Catskill mountains, engraved on steel, lace patterns, and two pages of music. Here's a pennyworth for ye! To say all in a word—of the Ladies' Companion,—we know of no work which has improved so rapidly and steadily, nor any likely to continue improving with more determination. N.

FESSENDEN'S PRACTICAL FARMER *and Silk Manual*. Published monthly, 16 pages a month, at *fifty cents* a year—*in advance*—mark that; *in advance*. What earthly cause can our farmers have now for not subscribing to a Farmer's paper? What are fifty cents a year—less than one cent a week—to the wholesome and hearty action of a good agricultural paper upon sober-minded, *calculating* men, who follow the business of *agriculture*? Why—the greatest blockhead among them all—and that is saying much, might save the money five times over on his first crop of potatoes, or hay, by taking proper advantage of the hints to be found in the *Practical Farmer*.

But in addition to what is usually treated of in such works, the Editor, so well known as the Editor also of the New England Farmer, proposes a sort of *Mulberry-grove*—to deal seriously with the great business of *Silk culture*. And here we are ready to [illegible] upon everybody to stand by him. What cotton is to the south, silk and grapes may yet be to the North—*silk* especially. Our New England girls are already earning hundreds of thousands of dollars by the manufacturing of native straw and native grass. After a while, and the day is not far distant, we verily believe, when they will earn more by nursing the mulberry tree and feed the silk worm.

Our people pay ten *millions of dollars* a year to the silk growers and silk manufacturers of two or three small provinces of Europe—most of whom are women and children. What others do—we may do. Are not our women and children, at any rate, a match for theirs? We leave the question for the wives and daughters of our farmers to answer. N.

CINCINNATI MIRROR AND CHRONICLE—Wm D. Gallagher, James H. Perkins, Thomas H. Shreeve, Editors. But five or six numbers of this periodical have reached us. On the very first page of the first of these, No 19, now lying before us, we are struck with lines to Nathan Hale (by W. D. Gallagher) from Hall's Magazine, which for the sake of the author whom we think highly of, we cannot let pass without a rap. The two last lines read thus—

> 'O shame! that such neglect as this,
> Should visit such as *him*!'

Such a thing is, hey?—Nevertheless the Cincinnati Mirror appears to be an excellent paper, and we can see the footmarks of genius in every page we glance over. It would make [illegible] and what is better, get along anywhere without puffing. N.

[illegible] by Professor Longfellow, has been [illegible] It is on sale at Russell & [illegible]

MAVERICK HOUSE. On Wednesday nearly a thousand gentlemen who visited East Boston by invitation of the E. B. Company, were [illegible] entertained at the Maverick House, just opened under the superintendence of Mr J. W. Barton, formerly of Nahant, and late of the Lynn Mineral Springs Hotel. Mr Barton's right hand man is A. C. Field, favorably known to that portion of the travelling public who have been in the habit of crossing the Salem Turnpike. Under the direction of such a host and assistant, any kind of a house would be rendered agreeable;—the Maverick arranged in excellent keeping with the reputation of its conductors, and for the luxurious comfort of their guests, will be a favorite summer resort for those whose leisure permits to seek recreation—and those who would for a short season, steal from the bustle of business, to a retreat which combines the elegancies of a city residence, with an air more salubrious, an aspect more rural, and a more delightful prospect than can possibly be expected within the echo of cent per cent. The communication between the Island and the city, is by conveniently constructed steamboats, constantly running between Lewis' Wharf, and East Boston. The general improvement of the Island, would in times when people were not so much in the habit of tracing effect to cause, have laid the company liable to a charge of dealing in magic. As it is, we can only say that it is clearly traceable to the one thing which comprehends all Yankee know *of diablerie*—ENTERPRISE. Some very amusing traditions of the early history of the Island and its first occupant, Mr Maverick, related by Gen Sumner at the table, strikingly contrasted with the present bustling appearance of the spot—but the contrast is not greater than that which will be exhibited between the description of its present state and its appearance twenty—ten—or even five years hence. W.

LIVE YANKEES. A man applied to Mr Roscoe G. Greene' the author of a capital Grammar, for a recommendation. Greene said he was not in the habit of giving certificates [illegible] 'I don't care a sixpence whether you go or not'—and offered it to the candidate for consideration. After looking at the words, for a long while, first with one eye and then the other, standing side ways, part of the time, he appeared puzzled. Greene felt curious to know *why*, and asked him what part of speech *that* was, pointing to the word *sixpence*. Why, said the candidate—I don't rightly know, but I rather guess its an *active verb*.

Another Yankee boarded with the tall Mr Patten here, the Innkeeper: He came to Portland to get a school, and was examined by a Committee, and came back to the house in bad humor. Patten asked him what the matter was.—Parcel of savages! said the poor fellow. What d'ye think was the first question they tried me with? Patten couldn't guess, and the young man proceeded—Why, says they, *how many parts of speech is there?*—pretty question to ask a fellow afore he's had time to think, hey? N.

LOWELL RAILROAD. A trial of a locomotive was made on the Lowell Railroad on Wednesday. A number of gentlemen, by invitation of the Directors made an excursion from Boston to Lowell, the distance, twenty-five miles, was accomplished on the passage out in an hour and fifteen minutes, the return in an hour and twenty. The road is probably more thoroughly and better built than any other in the country. Where it crosses other roads, they are carried over or under the railroad, thus affording a security against accidents. The road will be opened as soon as the cars are ready for regular trips.

The steamboat, which was built to ply on the Merrimack between Lowell and Nashua, has been repaired and enlarged, and will commence her regular trips as soon as the cars run regularly, enabling travellers to accomplish the distance from Boston to Merrimack, N. H., forty-five miles, in three hours. The boat as enlarged is stated to have cost the proprietors $40,000, and the introduction of steam navigation on the Merrimack, which was regarded two or three years since, as among the wildest of wild schemes, will probably pay a handsome tribute to the foresight as well as the pockets of its projectors. W.

CHILDREN. I won't sleep with brother any more.—Why? He keeps *kicking* me with his elbow. A match that for the man who blistered his hands trying to get asleep. When the present Gen Fenden of Baltimore, was a child, he stuck a pin through a fly and threw it up in the air to try [illegible] length. The father, a minister, called to him *Nero!* what are you doing? The boy had just finished reading about the Roman Emperors, and happened to have a most horrible idea of Nero. That one word saved him. He is now president of the Abolition Society of Portland—perhaps of Maine—we forget which; but we dare say William Lloyd Garrison could tell. N.

SPURZHEIM. Brown, the profile cutter, before the death of Spurzheim, executed a full length profile likeness of that father of Phrenology, and presented it to the Phrenological Society. It represents him standing before a table, covered with busts, etc. Brown is now making copies of it; and Phrenologists may find him at his room, 116 Washington street. A look at the head of the artist himself, is enough to repay a Phrenologist for calling; and we shall not undertake to tell the reader how much his work differs from what is generally known as profile cutting, how near it approaches to painting—intending to leave him something for a surprise when he calls at Mr B.'s room. W.

TO POOR DEBTORS. Never pay your old debts after a *legal* discharge. Why?—You might as well repay insurance offices the money they had paid you upon a loss. All prices and all transactions in business have direct reference to the creating laws and usages. *Profit* always includes a *premium* for the risk run whether by *creditors* or *insurers*. When you have honestly failed—ay—or *dishonestly* for that matter, your creditors have no claim upon you, other than a legal claim. The moral obligation is at an end. It is their own fault, not yours, if they have not charged *premium* enough—in other words *profit* enough.

Another reason for not paying old debts of such a nature, is this. The money goes not to your creditor or the family of your creditor; but ninety-nine times out of one hundred to lawyers, agents or assignees—and is eternally dissipated before it reaches the original creditor. N.

MANIPULATION. One of the most serious objections to Phrenology has been the pretence of ability to read characters by the skull, set up by every pretender who has committed the names of the organs to memory. We are pleased to see that the Phrenological Quarterly *disapproves* of this this practice, and lays down as a rule, '*Examine no heads of living individuals* [illegible] *respectable standing*; exceptions to the rule,—[illegible] *of well marked heads, whenever it is evident that the science may be promoted by reporting them, whether in favor of, or adverse to it.* This was the rule of Spurzheim, and modesty, to say the least, should suggest the proper course to his humble followers.' While the writer of the article in the Annals would not be understood to speak against, but to recommend observation; he is 'decidedly opposed to that *system of observing human nature*, which mistakes the *means* for the *end of science*.' W.

POLITICAL REWARDS. By removing A. and appointing B. you make him your certain enemy, together with all his friends—and all who had *expectations* for themselves. By keeping *all* in suspense—you keep fair with all. If our government understand this, they are the most magnanimous of all governments upon the face of the earth. N.

SARSAPARILLA MEAD. It has been demonstrated this season, that the Thermometer can rise to 80 and upwards. As such a state of the air causes and excites thirst, and as, by the merest possibility in the world, there may be some Bostonians unacquainted with Palmer's Sarsaparilla Mead, we would just remind them that it is sold at the store under the American House, Hanover street, and has been introduced at many of the hotels and refreshment rooms in the city. W.

HIGH-PRICED FLIP. Samuel Gedding a soldier who served three years of the Revolutionary war, and was in many skirmishes, or *skrimmages*, as he calls them, and saw the surrender of Burgoyne, about six months before he was discharged. He received ten dollars a month, continental money. When discharged, one month's wages would only buy *two mugs of flip and tobacco for one day*.—A pistareen (20 cents) would purchase one hundred dollars of said money! N.

BALLOON ASCENSION. LAURIAT intends on Monday next to try his first flight, and unless some accident disarranges his arrangements, he will soar higher than ever his rivals before has had the good fortune to fly; and when he leaves the clouds below him, he will look in a manner greater than that of courts or kings. His accommodations, and what is better *for him*, we hope [illegible] will be crowded. His balloon is of a material never before so applied—he is a Bostonian, by adoption, and a capital fellow. Reader, do you wish him success? It will cost you only half a dollar to prove it. W.

PRINTERS. It is a fact that a printer doesn't [illegible] to go to his *scrap drawer* when he is hard pushed; and from the multitude of pieces of all lengths and sizes, [illegible] off just what length he happened to need for filling a space—no matter though he clip off the last line of an epigram or the first of a syllogism. I.

MAELZEL'S Musical Lady, who nightly delights the [illegible] at Concert Hall, is perfectly at home before company. She shows no nonsensical *hauteur*,—but [illegible] and needs no persuasion to play before company—which she does with all the ease in the world, striking into a tune at once, without any random touches by way of prelude. *The Slack-Rope Performers* are a wonder of any thing human, and the audience may enjoy their feats without trembling for their safety. The Trumpeter is a truly wonderful affair—but what shall we say of the little *Wine Bibber*? He deserves to be elected an honorary member of the Temperance Society—not that he is temperate himself, but that he is the cause of temperance in others. A decided improvement upon Temperance hand-bills, because he sets forth to the life what they can only faintly describe, at the best. The bloated face—daily confusion—broom-stick exercise; are too true representations to be laughed at. W.

A TALL MAN. He ought to be furnished with a lightning rod, a weathercock and a set of signals. You want a quadrant for taking his altitude—nothing short of a thunderbolt or an earthquake would *bring him down*. I.

THEATRICALS. What the lateness of the season has not done for Theatricals, in the way of rendering attendance unfashionable, Celeste has accomplished by driving everybody out of conceit of the legitimate drama, and hissing every thing like it off the boards. She took a benefit last Monday, and Mr A. A. Adams commenced an engagement on Tuesday, in Othello.

We were surprised to see in a cotemporary print of last week, a wholesale, and undeserved attack upon Mr ANDREWS. If the line of characters in which he is always cast, appears tame and uninteresting to some constant Theatre-goers, it is no fault of the man;—we are expressing the opinion of the majority of the Theatre-going public, when we say that his place, vacated by him, would not soon again be so well filled, if at all. He has his faults, is sometimes a little too fond of gagging, and is apt to overdo his characters, but, take him all in all, we could not find a better man.

While we are thus stepping forward the champion of the attacked, (we are not sure that they will thank us for it, and don't care whether they do or not) we feel it a duty to mention GILBERT. He has never been abused to be sure, in any other way than this, that dramatic critics have been too slow to notice his merits,—and neglect of this kind is abusive enough. Unobtrusive in his private character, he pursues the even tenor of his way, steadily and rapidly improving himself. He is always perfect, is an excellent reader, has generally a correct conception of the characters he undertakes, and has given a support to a certain line often culpably neglected, which entitles him to much commendation. He will one day take a proud stand in the profession he has embraced, as by patient study he is laying the foundation for uniform excellence. W.

A CHILD'S WISH. The shower yesterday forenoon gave new life to vegetation; one could almost see it expand under the refreshing and vivifying rain. A little fellow stood near us, looking out earnestly at the window—his interesting countenance expressive of busy thoughts. The language of every child has been interesting to us since the publication of our Senior's 'Children'—when are they? and we longed to know what was passing in the mind of the 'little man' before us. At length he broke out—'Oh! I wish I was a shower!' Why? we enquired. 'Because it makes every thing so fresh and pretty, and every body is glad to see it.' That boy will make a Howard, if his philanthropy does not degenerate into love of approbation. W.

In the press of other matter we must not entirely forget our Bentham. We recommend the following chapter with especial emphasis to our readers. N.

DUMONT'S BENTHAM.

TRANSLATED FOR THE NEW ENGLAND GALAXY BY JOHN NEAL.—WITH NOTES.

CHAP. II.

Security, Equality; means of reconciling them.

BETWEEN these two rivals, Security and Equality, must there be continual opposition, perpetual war? Up to a certain point, they are incompatible; but with a little patience and address they may be brought together by degrees.

Time is the only mediator between these contrary interests. Would you follow the counsels of Equality without impairing those of Security? Wait the natural period for putting an end to hopes and fears—the period of death.

When property has become vacant by the death of proprietors, the law may interfere in the distribution, which is to take place, either in limiting to a certain degree the power of bequest, for the purpose of preventing too great accumulation of fortune in the hands of one,(1) or in making succession help forward the plan of Equality, in a case where the defunct has left neither husband nor wife, nor relatives in a direct line, and has died intestate. It has to do then with the new acquirers,(2) whose expectations are not yet formed, and Equality may be to the advantage of all without deceiving the hopes of any. I but allude to the principle here. The developement will be found in the second book.

When the object is the correction of a species of civil inequality, *such as Slavery, we are to pay the same attention to the rights of property, submit to a slow operation, and advance toward the subordinate object, without sacrificing the principle object. The men that you have made free by these gradations, will be better qualified for freedom, than of you had taught them to trample justice under foot to establishing for them a new system of social order.*(3)

Let it be observed that with a nation where agriculture, manufactures and commerce flourish, there is a continual progress toward Equality. If the laws do nothing to check it, if they do not encourage monopolies, if they do not shackle industry and exchange, if they permit no entails, we should see the great proprietors subdividing themselves by little and little, without effort, without revolution, without shocks, and a greater number of men participating in the moderate favors of fortune. This would be the natural result of the opposite habits which are formed in opulence and in poverty. The first, prodigal and vain, asks only to enjoy without labor: the second, accustomed to obscurity and to privations finds pleasure in labor and economy. Hence changes which are made in Europe, in the progress of Commerce and Arts, notwithstanding the obstacles of the laws. The feudal age is not very far from us, when the world was divided into two classes, a few great proprietors who were every thing, and a multitude of serfs who were nothing. These pyramidal heights have disappeared, or are overthrown, and from their broad wreck, industrious men have built up new establishments, the infinite number of which proves the comparative happiness of modern civilization. Thus we may conclude that *Security* in keeping its rank as the supreme principle, indirectly leads to procure *Equality*, while the latter, if taken for the basis of social order, would destroy Security in destroying itself.

(1) Throughout the United States this has been most effectually accomplished, by abolishing entails and primogeniture. E.

(2) Purchasers at law, or living. E.

(3) Worthy of all acceptation, and being written nearly half a century ago! especially deserving the attention of the Abolitionists and the Colonizationists of our country. E.

THE LAST NOVELTY. We see advertised in one of the city papers, a *Cannibal Dwarf*, from the Fejee Islands. This 'remarkable natural curiosity,' will be exhibited every day, during the week. The advertisement should state at what hour he will be fed—and whether they throw in a Webster, a White, or a Van Buren-man; as, if he is a Cannibal of respectable appetite his repasts may have no inconsiderable bearing on the next Presidential election. W.

EXCUSE FOR INTEMPERANCE. H. D. Inglis, a recent traveller in Norway, excuses their intemperance, by attributing its origin to their *love of country!* He cites their enthusiasm at a convivial board when a patriotic song is sung, in proof. We should rather think such *patriotism* the fruit of intemperance, than intemperance the fruit of patriotism. W.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

FOREIGN.

FROM EUROPE—PASSAGE OF THE INDEMNITY BILL! The ship Napoleon, Capt Smith, has arrived at New York from Liverpool, bringing Liverpool and London papers to the 26th inst.

The Paris papers which we received at a late hour this morning by express, put us in possession of the whole report of Saturday's proceedings in the Chamber of Deputies, by which we find that the debate on the American Claims has been brought to a close. The bill as amended by the committee, proposing a grant of 25,000,000f. was voted by a majority of 289 against 137. According to the amendment proposed by General Valaze, to which Ministers assented, and which was agreed to by the Chamber, the indemnity is not to be paid until after the French Government shall have received satisfactory explanations with regard to the Message of the President of the Union, dated December 2, 1834. Two other amendments—one, that no interest should be paid, and the other that the interest should only commence from the date of the passing of the bill, were both lost. From some observations in the Journal des Debates upon the passing of this bill, it would appear that Mr Livingston is not expected to remain at Paris in his diplomatic character, nor return thither as Ambassador, should he go to America.

The Journal then observes [illegible]—"It is probable that Mr Livingston will think proper to be the bearer himself to his Government of the account of all that has passed here, in order not to expose himself a second time to the inconvenience of having his correspondence published. It is probable, also, that the American Government will think proper not to send him back to France, in order to spare him the inevitable embarrassment under which he must labor, after the written expressions that have been attributed to him in the course of the debate. We do not blame the American Government for having given so complete and so prompt a publicity to Mr Livingston's letters; perhaps it was demanded by the forms and practices of her institutions; but such publicity must often have the effect of sacrificing individual negotiators, it being impossible to require that the negotiator who has spoken publicly ill of the country to which he is accredited, should continue to be well received by the people he has offended. These are the reasons which induce us to look upon the longer stay of Mr Livingston in Paris as very difficult, and his return very uncertain."

The condition that the President's Message at the opening of Congress shall receive a satisfactory explanation, will of course make no trouble. The speech of M. Berrier which attracted some notice at the date of previous advices, was replied to by M. Thiers, Minister of the Interior, and the Duke de Broglie.

Gen Mina has resigned the command of the Army of the Queen of Spain, on account of the state of his health. In his letter of resignation he speaks in strong terms of the increased strength and brightening prospects of the Army.—Gen Valdez had been appointed in his place.

Cotton continued in good demand, and prices were very fully supported.

On Monday April 20th, the House of Commons adjourned to May 12th.

[From the Times of April 24.]

The American indemnity question still seems to afford abundant matter for the columns of the Paris Journals.—It appears that Mr Livingston, the American minister, intended remaining in Paris until the passing of that bill into law, after which he will leave France, taking England on his way back to the United States. A chargé de affaires will do the business of the legation during his absence: or until the appointment of a new minister.

London, April 25th. The following appointments have been made.

IN THE CABINET.

First Lord of the Treasury, Lord Melbourne.
Secretary for the Home Department, Lord John Russell.
Secretary for the Foreign Department, Lord Palmerston.
First Lord of the Admiralty, Lord Auckland.
Chancellor of the Exchequer, Right Hon T. Spring Rice.
President of the Board of Control, Right Hon Sir J. Hobhouse.
Chief Commissioner of Woods and Forests, and Privy Seal, Viscount Duncannon.
Secretary for the Colonial Department, Right Hon Chas Grant.
Chancellor of the Dutchy of Lancaster, Lord Holland.
Lord President of the Council, Marquis of Lansdowne.
Secretary at War, Lord Howick.
President of the Board of Trade, Right Hon C. Poulett Thomson.

NOT IN THE CABINET.

Lord Brougham—Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, and Chairman of the House of Lords.
Sir Charles Pepys and Sir J. Shadwell—Commissioners of the Great Seal.
Marquis of Conyngham—Postmaster General.
Earl of Mulgrave—Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.
Sir G. Grey—Chief Secretary of Ireland.
Lord Plunket—Chancellor of Ireland.
Sir Henry Parnell—Paymaster General and Treasurer of the Navy.
Mr R. J. Stanley and Mr F. Baring—Secretaries of Treasury.
Mr R. Gordon—Secretary of the Admiralty.
Hon Fox Maule—Under Secretary of the Home Department.

Bayonne, April 19. The letters from Pampeluna are dated the 17th instant. Nothing particular had taken place.

The Queen's Government appears now to be acting with [illegible] energy, and nothing whatever can warrant at all events for the present, armed French intervention.

Austria. Letters from Vienna state that the death of the late Emperor of Austria has excited the utmost agitation in Hungary, where the peasantry have joined with some of the royal free towns in calling for reforms, which, under the preceding reign, they had but timidly ventured to demand. The Archduke Palatine is represented to have addressed alarming reports on the subject to the Vienna Court, and Prince Ferdinand, Governor of Transylvania is have also informed that court of the inadequacy of his military force to the critical state of affairs.

Portugal. We learn that there had been some disturbances in Lisbon upon occasion of the death of Prince Augustus. Placards having been posted up in different parts of the town, stupidly imputing to the Duke of Palmella that he had caused the young prince to be poisoned, chiefly with the view of marrying his own son to the Queen. A rabble broke into his house, uttering the most dreadful threats, and were with difficulty expelled by the Duke of Terceira, and some other friends, who had the generosity and courage to [illegible] their popularity between Palmella and a mob, which it seems thirsted for his life. Eventually these friends succeeded in rescuing the minister from the perilous condition in which he was placed, and saving the people of Portugal from the reproach of a crime, which, committed towards a man who, whatever may be said of him by foreigners, [illegible] be [illegible] universally esteemed. The duke is, confessedly, not popular, but still he appears to have a strong hold upon the respect of the more moderate of his countrymen. In all this excitement there was not, however, we are assured, the slightest admixture of Miguelite feeling, but it seemed to be the genuine outbreaking of a sort of [illegible] indignation at some imagined wrong done to the youthful Queen.

The funeral of the prince passed over peaceably, and the capital and the provinces are reported as perfectly tranquil.

The Plague in Egypt. According to accounts from Alexandria, of the 23rd ult., of 10,000 persons, who, up to that time, have been attacked by the plague, 10,000 had died.

A rigid quarantine has been ordered in the Mediterranean ports on vessels from Egypt.

DOMESTIC.

MUNICIPAL. At a meeting of the Mayor and Aldermen, on Monday—

George S. Hillard, Esq. was appointed Orator for the 4th July.

The subject of celebrating Independence was referred to the committee heretofore appointed, with full power.

An order passed that the acting Chief Engineer of the Fire Department cause a new suction engine to be built for the use of Engine Co. No. 5, in place of the Mechanic, [illegible].

The order from the other board in relation to a Comm. [illegible] taken up and referred to Ald. [illegible] and Leighton.

Petition of Geo. Odiorne and others, for the use of Faneuil Hall for the Anti Slavery Convention, was not granted. The Salary Bill was passed in concurrence with several [illegible].

Ald. M'Cleary and Lewis were joined to the committee of the other board to consider the expediency of [illegible] [illegible] which are supported by charity [illegible].

Ald. [illegible] and Grant were joined to the committee of the other board to take into consideration the subject [illegible] relating to the Fire Department, and the [illegible] [illegible] Engine Co. [illegible] a new engine [illegible] of the Fire Department.

[illegible]

[illegible] the opinion of the [illegible] through the [illegible] [illegible] to Pond street. The same committee were instructed to consider the expediency of widening Cross street between Hollis and Pond streets.

The City Marshal was instructed to cause all awnings or shades which extend over the side walks to be removed at sunset.

The committee on Bells on petition of Jas. Raynor and others, that the bells be rung at sunrise, reported that it is inexpedient.

Adj. to Tuesday next, 4 P. M.

There has entered at the Custom House in this city, for the last thirty days, 186 vessels from Foreign Ports. It is believed this is the largest number that ever entered during the same period of time.—*Post.*

ACCIDENTS. On Wednesday, Mr Wm Sanders, of this city, a teamster, fell from the shafts of his wagon, and the wheels passed over his head and body, fracturing his skull, and bruising his body. His recovery is doubtful.——At Dorchester, on Thursday, Mr Thomas Capen was killed by the accidental explosion of a quantity of powder, with which a rock was charged, for blasting. Another person was severely bruised by the same accident.

Two negroes have recently been tried at Mobile, and found guilty of murdering two children under circumstances of peculiar cruelty. As soon as the court had pronounced the sentence provided by law, the mob seized the criminals, took them to the scene of the murder, *and burnt them at the stake.*

The Cincinnati Aeronaut, who had made all the necessary preparations for bringing on the mail from that city to the Atlantic, on the 12th inst stopped short in the expedition, and *landed* on the top of a house in Cincinnati.—A gust of wind having taken up the balloon prematurely, and the persons assisting in holding on the ropes, having let go too soon, Mr Clayton was beaten and banged about the chimney tops at a shocking rate, but succeeded finally in clinging to the roof of a house, without material injury to his person. His balloon went off upon its travels through infinite space.

The ladies of Cincinnati have generously resolved to make a new balloon for Mr Clayton.

A Spanish slaver of three hundred tons, with a crew of sixty-six men, and seven hundred slaves, was captured, after an obstinate conflict, on the 17th December, off the mouth of the old Calabar, by the British brigantine Buzzard. The slaver mounted eight guns.

The New Orleans Bee of the 9th inst, states that there have not been less than 140 or 150 deaths, from cholera, in that city, during the nineteen preceding days—it has been principally confined to passengers on board steamboats or flat boats.

POST OFFICE ROBBERY, AND DETECTION OF THE THIEF. William Gwynn Jones, editor of the Baltimore Gazette, was arrested in that city on the 23d inst., on a charge of having robbed the Post Office of letters containing enclosures of money. In consequence of repeated complaints of the loss of letters, the clerks in the Post Office were led to suspect Mr. Jones, who was in the habit of visiting the office at a very early hour in the morning, to obtain his papers; in doing which he was daily within reach of the tables on which the letter mails are spread.—On Thursday morning he went as usual into the Post Office, and when he retired certain letters which had been placed in a particular spot near him, had disappeared.—The discovery was conclusive of his guilt, but as neither of the clerks could testify to the fact of having seen him take the letters, it was deemed prudent to wait further developements. On Friday morning, says the American of Saturday, Mr. Jones again entered the Post Office for his papers, and was seen by a clerk who was on the watch, to take a large double letter, the address of which had been previously noted. He was also seen to take from the table five entire packages of southern and western letters, which had not yet been opened. Immediately afterwards he left the office, and as he was proceeding to his own office was arrested by a deputy Marshal, who had been in waiting for the purpose. The double letter, and also the entire packages, containing from fifty to a hundred letters, were found in his possession. He subsequently made admissions, which show the purloining of upwards of a thousand dollars from letters at various times. The unhappy man—who, up to this period, has enjoyed a full share of the public confidence and respect—has been committed to prison, to take his trial at the regular term of the U. S. Circuit Court.—*Post.*

MARRIAGES.

In this city, Benjamin Hadlock to Sarah Hill; Rufus Stockwell to Charlotte E. Nightingale; Samuel F. Dorr, of New York, to Elizabeth Chipman, daughter of Charles Hasen Esq; Ralph Thompson to Miss Maria Beverley; Joseph Curtis Wright to Laura Coswell; Waldo Maynard to Sarah F. Hunt; William W. Parkhurst to Elizabeth H. Merrifield; James M. Hobbs to Mrs Catharine Bruce; Dr. C. G. Putnam to Elizabeth C. Jackson; Henry B. Hobart to Harriet Stimson; Joseph Wait of New York, to Harriet H. Whitney; Frederick Thatcher to Lucy Ann Dawes; Amos D. Lockwood, Esq. of Slatersville, R. I. to Sarah F. Deming.

At Cambridge, James Cate of this city, to Louisa Tolman.

At Chelsea, Josiah Pratt to Mary Pratt.

At Salem, Henry Fox to Susan Pomeroy; Aaron T. Low to Ann T. Briggs; John Jones to Sarah Ann Lang.

At Concord, Isaiah Prescott to Mrs Matilda French, both over 70 years of age.

At East Bridgewater, Calvin Joy to Eliza S. Washburn.

At Enfield, Archibald D. Babcock, of this city, to Fanny Richards.

At Portland, Horatio King, editor of the Jeffersonian, to Anne Collins.

At Gorham, Me, Carlisle Whipple of this city, to Sarah W. Baker.

At Statira, Miss. 20th April, U. J. Whitehead Esq. to Georgiana, daughter of Abraham Quincy Esq. of Boston.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mrs Betsey O. Williams, 45; Mrs Lucy Churchill, 40; Mrs Jane Jones, 54; Mrs Nancy H. Dean, 54; Mary Ellen Oliver, 9; George Vose, 54; Mary Ann, youngest daughter of Edward Jones, Esq. 38.

At Charlestown, Mrs Susanna Chickering, 41; Mrs Eveline Hopkins, 22; Mrs Nancy Cummings, 58.

At Dorchester, Miss Content Clapp, of Norton, 51.

At Watertown, Mrs Lydia Whiting, 48.

At Salem, Mrs Sarah Burrill, 45; Abigail Hodgkins, eldest daughter of Stephen Badger, 19.

At Providence, 8th inst. widow Mary Chickering, formerly of Amherst, N. H. 52. [Editors of the N. H. papers are requested to insert this.]

At Nantucket, very suddenly, George Cannon Esq. 68.

At Barre, Mrs Debby, consort of Rev. James Thompson, and daughter of Hon. Seth Washburn, of Raynham.

At Conway, N. H. of a rapid consumption, Oliver Sparhawk, Steward of Harvard University, 29.

At New Chester, N. H, Mrs Betsey, relict of the late Charles Bean, 100 years and 5 days.

At Middletown, Ct, Jotham Johnson, formerly of this city, 56.

At New York, very suddenly, Mr R. A. Eaton, of this city, 27.

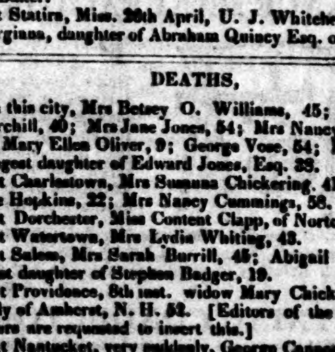
At Peru, N. Y. April 25, Mrs Wrangum, 103; and one week afterwards, her husband, Mr John Wrangum, 102 years and 3 months.

At Smithville, N. C. 15th inst Major George Blaney, U. S. Engineer, son of the late Mr William Blaney, of Roxbury.

At Port Mahon, March 11, Dr Russell B. Hubbard, of the U. S. Navy, son of Dr Thomas H. of New Haven, 20.

BALLOON ASCENSION.

ON MONDAY next, June 1.



LEWIS A. LAURIAT respectfully informs the citizens of Boston and its vicinity that he will make his first ascension with his large Balloon, from the Amphitheatre lately erected by him in Charles street, on MONDAY next, June 1st, being the 197th Anniversary of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company.

Mr Lauriat assures the public that nothing shall be wanting on his part to render this experiment satisfactory.

ORDER OF ASCENSION. At 2 o'clock P. M. the gates of the Amphitheatre will be open for the reception of visitors. At 3 o'clock, Mr L. will commence inflating his Balloon with Hydrogen Gas.

During the preparation, several pioneer balloons will be abandoned to the air to ascertain the direction of the large balloon, and for the amusement of the spectators.

At 6 o'clock, Mr L. will enter the Car and commence the aerial journey.

Mr L. would inform the public that he has engaged for the occasion the services of the Boston Brass Band, who will perform some select pieces.

Tickets, at 50 cents, to be had at the stores of the principal booksellers, at the different hotels, and at the door of the Amphitheatre on the day of the ascension.

Should the weather not be favorable on Monday, the ascension will be postponed—the announcement of which will be given by the Crier on that day. may 30

FOR SALE IN OHIO.

A TRACT of [illegible] acres of [illegible] land in the town of [illegible] [illegible] Washington [illegible]. Apply to J. A. FOSTER, [illegible]. [illegible]

DRY GOODS,

AT REDUCED PRICES.

THE Subscriber, intending leaving this part of the country for the South, about the first of August next, offers for sale the whole of his extensive Stock of FOREIGN and DOMESTIC GOODS, and Lease of the Store No. 414 Washington street, and the Stock will be sold at very reduced prices at retail, until closed.—Among which are the following varieties, viz—

Broadcloths, Cassimeres, Athenian Cassimeres, Rouen Cassimere, Athenian Cambric, &c. &c.

4 bales of superior Welch, English and American Flannels. Some of them are very superior, and are warranted not to shrink in washing.

2 bales of Angola Flannel, an excellent article for summer wear.

1 bale Domet Flannel.
4 do col'd American do.
4 do col'd Domets.
3 cases of superior English Cambric Dimoties.
1 do do Furniture Dimoty.
1 do col'd Pouit de Soie Silk, at 3s per yard, of an excellent quality.

Cases Irish Linens, of superior quality.
Cases of English and American Prints.
Cases and Bales of brown and bleached Cottons.
Cases of white Cambric and Cambric Muslins.
Cases of Bishop Lawns, from 2s to 3s 3d per yard.
1000 ps Nankin and Canton Straw Carpeting.

Cases of Taylor's Persian Spool Cotton, at 3s per dozen, or 3c per Spool, warranted of very superior quality. Cases of Spool Cotton, at 6d per dozen.

1 case of Open Work Cotton Hose, at 1s per pair.

Cases of 4-4 and 6-4 Bobbinet Laces, from 3d to 3s 3d per yard. 1 case Grecian de superior quality, at 2s per yd.

1 bale Russia Damask 6-4 and 8-4, a very durable article for Table Cloths.

2 cases India and English Silk Hdkfs.
2 do col'd Table Cloths, assorted sizes.
1 do col'd bordered cotton Hdkfs. imita. L. C. at 9d each. 1 do Linen Hdkfs.
4 do American Sewing Cotton.
5 bales Russia Crash.
3 cases Linen and Cotton Tapes.
1 case English Pins.

7 bales of Tickings, assorted qualities—and a great variety of other Goods, which will be sold in proportion.

ELIAS STONE BREWER.
may 30 No. 414 Washington street.

LADIES' RIDING CAPS,

HATS, UMBRELLAS, PARASOLS, GLOVES AND STOCKS.

327, *WASHINGTON STREET.*

DANIEL MESSINGER respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has received from New York a complete assortment of the above articles, which, added to those on hand, makes as good a variety as can be found in any Hat Store in Boston.

He has the newest patterns for *LADIES' RIDING CAPS* and *CHILDREN'S FANCY CAPS*, which will be made to order at the shortest notice.

may 30

WIGHT'S

LASTS & BOOT-TREES.

THE Subscriber informs the public, that he manufactures and has for sale, *LASTS AND BOOT-TREES*, of the best patterns, at No. 30, Fulton-street, (at the sign of the GOLDEN LAST.) All his Lasts and Boot Trees will be manufactured in the best style, and of seasoned stock, under the superintendence of his father CHARLES WIGHT—the patronage of whose former friends and customers is respectfully solicited.

may 30 ADAMS WIGHT.

MAVERICK HOUSE.

THE public are respectfully informed that this extensive establishment is now open for their accommodation, under the direction of the subscriber, who will make every exertion to render it worthy of patronage.

The Road to Lynn, Salem, &c. and the East Boston Ferry, are also open for public travel.

J. W. BARTON.
East Boston, May 27th, 1835. may 30

NEW BOOKS.

A PICTURE OF POPERY—or a concise account of the errors, usurpations, and ceremonies of the Romish Church. By a friend of religious truth.

The Biography of a Bottle. By a friend of temperance.

For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133, Washington street. may 30

ARTILLERY ELECTION.

THE NEW-ENGLAND MUSEUM is very large and very full of most interesting curiosities, and on this occasion in order, to receive many visitors. may 30

LANDS IN ROXBURY.

FOR SALE—House and Garden Lots, on very liberal terms: they are situated near the Rev. Mr. Putnam's meeting house, and known by the name of the "Porter Purchase." Between twenty and thirty acres have been laid out into lots of from 5000 to 20,000 feet, suitable for buildings of any class, and surpassed by none in the vicinity of Boston, for beauty of prospect, healthful air, excellence of water, and every convenience in relation to churches, schools, markets, hourly coaches, &c. &c. The roads are laying out, one of which reaches from Dedham turnpike to Centre street, and presents a great variety of pleasing positions. Any persons wishing to select Cottage and Garden Lots, at reasonable prices, will have an opportunity to do so any time previous to the 6th of June, when those not taken up will be sold at auction. For particulars and terms, to suit, apply to either of the subscribers.

JONA. DORR,
ALVAH KITTRIDGE,
NATH'L DORR,
may 30 PETER WAINWRIGHT.

STEAMBOAT CITIZEN.

PERMANENT ARRANGEMENT.

For Portsmouth, Dover, and Great Falls, N. H. and South Berwick, Me.

Fare to Portsmouth - - - -	$2,00
Dover - - - -	2,25
Great Falls and South Berwick -	2,25

STEAMBOAT CITIZEN, Capt. J. L. Clendennin, will leave the T-wharf, Boston, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning, at 7 o'clock, for Portsmouth, Dover, and Great Falls, N. H. and South Berwick, Me.

Stages will be in readiness at Portsmouth, to take passengers to the above places. Seats in the stages may be secured on board the Boat, and at the Dover Hotel.

Returning, will leave Portsmouth every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday morning, at 7 o'clock.

Stages will leave the above places for Portsmouth, in time to meet the Boat. Arrangements have been made with a line of Packets, to carry Freight to and from Dover, each trip.

For Freight or Passage, apply on board, or to EDMUND WRIGHT, Jr. T-wharf, or I. W. GOODRICH, 56, Washington street. may 30

STRAW BONNETS.

J. NIGHTINGALE, No. 230, Washington street, three doors South from Summer street, will open THIS DAY a few cases of BONNETS,—comprising Dunstable, Open Work and Plain Straw,—will sell them by the dozen or retail, at a small advance from manufacturers' prices.

Also, French and English GOODS, GLOVES, HOSIERY, &c. isfw may 30

REAL ESTATE.

RARE CHANCE FOR GOOD INVESTMENT. The New England Glass Bottle Company offer for sale, all their Real Estate, situated in East Cambridge, consisting of about 25,000 square feet of land, with all the buildings thereon, viz—glass house, 2 store-houses, pottery, 4 shops, stables, &c. A most eligible situation for the manufacture of Glass, or any heavy articles, being situated on tide water, and accessible by vessels of 150 or 200 tons burthen, with a canal running nearly the whole length of the premises. For the purpose of the concern, the above will be sold so as to make it a safe investment even for speculation. Inquire of RALPH SMITH, Agent for said Company, No. 118, State street, Boston. april 25

A CARD.

MR. JAMES G. MAEDER begs respectfully to announce that he has returned to Town and will resume his professional avocations as before, No 26, Hancock street. april 4

BROADCLOTHS.

NEW AND FASHIONABLE BROADCLOTHS AND CASSIMERES; LADIES CLOTHS; LAMAS; ERMINETTS; ANGOLAS; DRILLINGS; CAMLETS, JEANS, &c.

For sale at JOHN H. PRAY'S *variety Cloth Store, No. 48 Washington street.*

THE above advertised, comprises one of the largest assortments of seasonable and fashionable Cloths and Cassimeres, of French, English, German and American manufacture, to be found in the city; and a great variety of Worsted, Silk, Linen and Cotton spring and summer Stuffs; together with fashionable Silk, Marseilles, Valentia and Velvet Vestings; Brown, Black & Bleached Linens; Brown and Bleached Cottons; Padding; Canvass; Silk, Twist, Thread, Buttons, &c.

This Stock deserves an examination by purchasers who are invited to call, and are promised that prices shall average as low as can be named for the like articles, by any other in Boston. [illegible] may 2

CLOTHING.

200 DRESS COATS,
[illegible] PANTS,
[illegible] VESTS,
170 SURTOUTS and OVERCOATS,
60 JACKETS.

For sale by ISAAC OSGOOD, 36 Dock Square, [illegible] [illegible] assortment of [illegible] CLOTHS, CASSIMERES and VESTINGS [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

All Lynn Advertisements appear upon the inside of the Galaxy. The advertiser should mark the number of insertions he desires; otherwise his advertisement will be continued till ordered out, and charged accordingly.

NOTICE

To the inhabitants of the town of Lynn, in the county of Essex.

WE, the Subscribers, Assessors of the said town of Lynn, being about to proceed to make an assessment of the county and town taxes, for the year 1835, do hereby notify and warn you, and each of you, liable by law to be assessed, to make and bring in to us, the said Assessors, on or before the 2d day of June next, (at the Selectmen's Room) true and perfect lists of your polls, and all your estates, both real and personal, (saving such estate as is by law exempted from taxation) which you were possessed of on the first day of May inst., otherwise you will not be admitted to make application to Court for any abatement of the assessments about to be laid as aforesaid.

Given under our hands this 27th day of May, 1835.

H. A. BREED, } Assessors
DAN'L R WITT, } of the
JOSIAH NEWHALL } Town of Lynn.

may 30

MAMMOTH ELEPHANT

MENAGERIE AND CIRCUS.

THE Proprietors of the *Mammoth Elephant Menagerie and Circus*, respectfully inform the inhabitants of Lynn and vicinity, that they will exhibit their rare collection of Living Animals, in Lynn, on the Common, on WEDNESDAY, June 17.

This travelling world of living curiosities, consisting of *WILD BEASTS AND BIRDS,* is exhibited under two spacious Pavilions, each 100 feet in diameter, and sufficiently large to contain five thousand persons—and, for the convenience of visiters, eligible seats are constructed on a safe and improved plan, for the accommodation of several hundred spectators, to which Ladies and juvenile branches of families are first entitled.

To render the whole more attractive, the proprietors have engaged a BAND, of fourteen members, of approved musical talent, who will execute favorite National Airs, Marches, Overtures, &c. &c.

This Menagerie and Circus consists of 27 wagons and 80 fancy and gray horses, and requires 45 men to complete its operations.

Among the most prominent of the animals in this collection, are the following:—Great Hunting or War Elephant, Tippoo Sultan, standing one foot higher than any other elephant in the United States. This animal is not only the most affectionate and sagacious, but decidedly the largest elephant offered to an American public, being 11 feet 6 inches high, and weighing upwards of 12,000 pounds. The Zebu, the first ever imported to this country. A full grown Lioness. The Angora. A pair of Leopards. A beautiful Zebra, from the Cape of Good Hope. The young Elephant, Hyder Ali. The Lama of Peru. The Arabian Camel. Full grown Brazilian Tiger. Antelope. Puma. South American Cougar. Panthers. Wolf and Bears. Lynx of Japan. Badger and Ichneumons. With a variety of Birds, Monkeys and Baboons, &c. The sports of the Ring, by Black Hawk and Major Jack Downing, on their Shetland Ponies.

AMERICAN CIRCUS.—The Circus performance will commence with a Grand Parade Entree, by eight beautiful white and spotted horses. Flying Vaulting by the whole company—Mr Sands will introduce the celebrated Mare Ophelia—the laughable scene of the Cobbler—Frolic on Stilts—Horsemanship by Mr W. Howes on one horse—Mr E. Sands will appear in the circle on three horses. Mr Hess, the American Sampson, will go through with his wonderful feats of strength with weights, men and anvils. Horsemanship, by Mr R. Sands, the intrepid equestrian—Mr Sands will conclude his performance by throwing a backward somerset from the horses while at full speed. Still Vaulting, Ground and Lofty Tumbling. Horsemanship by Mr S. B. Howes, the Flying Horseman.

The performance to conclude with the laughable farce of the Miller and Coalman.

☞For further particulars see large bills.

Hours of exhibition from 1 o'clock until 5 P. M. Admittance to the joint Menagerie and Circus, only 25 cents. Children under 10 years of age, half price.

To be exhibited at WOBURN, Mr Smith's Hotel, on TUESDAY, June 16. may 16

BIBLES.

SCOTT'S Family Bible; Common Family Bibles, in rich bindings; Comprehensive Bible; Polyglott Bible and Testaments to match. And a great variety of editions in elegant and strong bindings, for sale at the Bookstore, two doors East of the Hotel. april 4

PRINTING.

THE Subscriber would respectfully remind his friends and the public that he continues to execute orders for *PRINTING* of every description, with neatness and despatch. J. R. NEWHALL,

Lynn, April 4, 1835. 2d door East of the Hotel.

JUST RECEIVED.

BY J. R. NEWHALL, 1st and 2nd doors east Lynn Hotel, a new assortment of articles in the book, stationary and fancy goods line, among which are a prime lot of Rogers' Penknives, Silver Pencil Cases, Metal Pens, Quills, Paper, Cards, Ink Stands, Writing Books. &c.

Lynn, Feb 14

UNION FIRE AND MARINE

INSURANCE COMPANY, IN LYNN,

GIVE notice that their Capital Stock is FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS, which is all paid in and invested according to law and that they continue to make Fire Insurance for any amount not exceeding $3500 on any one risk; and Marine Insurance for any amount not exceeding $3500 on any one risk, at their office in Nahant Bank Building.

H. A. BREED, President.

ISAAC STORY, Secretary.
Lynn, April 5. tf

REMOVAL.

WILLIAM CROSS, *TAILOR.*

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public that he has removed to the shop formerly occupied by Joseph P. Jackson, directly opposite the First Methodist Meeting House, where he would invite all those that feel disposed, to give him their support, that he engages to fulfil all orders in his line of business with neatness and despatch. Thankful for past favors and a continuance solicited.

N. B. Garments cut and made are warranted or no compensation required

Lynn, June 28 tf

FALL AND WINTER GOODS

THE subscribers have just received and offer for sale at their Clothing Emporium, Market Street an extensive assortment of Broadcloths of every shade and color; Cassimeres of fashionable stripes and plain; Camblets, goat's hair and imitation; Vestings, Trimmings, Suspenders, Gloves, Dickeys, Bosom-pieces, and every article in their line.

Also, a fresh supply of Rogers's Imperial Stocks.

ROPES & LAMSON.

R. & L. feel grateful for the very liberal patronage they have received, and trust to merit a continuance of the same, by manufacturing Gentlemen's Garments from a medium to the extremity of fashion, and in workmanship inferior to none. Lynn, sept 29.

JOSEPH EDWARDS, JR,

TAILOR.

MASONIC SQUARE, LYNN.

CONTINUES to execute all orders in his line, with promptness, and in the best style. Having none but first rate workmen, he feels confident that all garments made by him will suffer nothing by comparison with those from the first fashionable establishments in the city. Terms, Cash. All orders gratefully received.

Gentlemen's Vestings, Stocks, Collars, &c &c, constantly on hand for sale.

WANTED, as above—A number of good Vest Makers; none but the best—to whom the highest price will be given.

Lynn, April 12.

GLASS DOOR PLATES,

DOOR KNOBS, BELL PULLS AND NUMBERS.

MANUFACTURED and Warranted by the New England Glass Company—the most durable and ornamental articles for outside and inside doors.—[illegible] of various kinds constantly on hand and may be [illegible] at their Ware House, No 240 Washington street, Boston. [illegible] may 2

MAELZEL'S EXHIBITION,

CONCERT HALL.

THE MORNING EXHIBITION, consisting of the splendid pieces of mechanism:

THE AUTOMATON MUSICAL LADY; THE DRAWING AND WRITING FIGURE; THE MAGICIAN; THE ROPE DANCER; The SELF WALKING FIGURE, &c. &c.

Takes place every day between 11 and 1 o'clock.

The EVENING EXHIBITION of *THE AUTOMATON MUSICAL LADY; THE MELODIUM; THE MECHANICAL THEATRE; THE TRUMPETER; THE ROPE DANCERS AND SPEAKING FIGURES; THE TOURNAMENT AND THE PHYSIORAMIC PYROTECHNICON.*

Commences every evening, (Saturday excepted) at 8 o'clock.

Admittance to each Exhibition, 50 cents; children half price.

☞For particulars, see small bills. may 2

EDWARD RIDDLE,

PROFESSOR OF THE FLUTE.

No 2 Pleasant street Court.

Or applications may be made at J. L. Bates, Music Store No 6 Court street near Washington street. feb 28

LADIES'

GOLD CHAINS.

A NEW STYLE of Ladies' Gold Chains, with a variety of gentlemen's Guard Chains—this day received and for sale at L. WALKER'S, No. 83, Washington street. 1a1m april 18

NANKIN AND CANTON

STRAW CARPETING.

ELIAB STONE BREWER, No. 414, Washington street, has constantly on hand a large assortment of Straw Carpeting of various qualities and widths, among which are—

2500	yards Superfine Nankin,			6-4
2000	do	do	do	5-4
3500	do	Canton	do	6-4
4000	do	do	do	5-4

1 case German Table Matts, a new and superfine article. 6mis march 28

FASHIONABLE

HAT WAREHOUSE.

HALL & CO. No. 10, Washington street, offer for sale on such terms as cannot fail to suit purchasers, a large and extensive assortment, of all shapes and prices, of Satin Beaver, Fur, and Wool HATS. Always on hand, Hatter's FURS and TRIMMINGS. Also, Silk and Gingham UMBRELLAS and PARASOLS, at manufacturer's prices. 1a1s may 2

NOTICE.

TO CABINET MAKERS.

WANTED, immediately, three Journeymen Cabinet Makers, and one Mahogany Chair Maker. First rate workmen will be paid the highest prices and have constant employment. Apply at this office.

may 9 3tis

FEATHERS, HAIR, &C.

JOHN G. FLAGG & CO. have on hand a large and prime assortment of Foreign and Domestic FEATHERS; South American HAIR; first rate FEATHER BEDS; HAIR MATTRESSES; CUSHIONS, &c. &c.—which will be sold wholesale or at retail, on as reasonable terms as at any other establishment in this city. Apply at No. 18, Union street. istf may 9

OPERATIONS

ON THE TEETH.

DR. PARSONS, Surgeon Dentist, No. 16, Winter-street, having obtained the aid of Mr. Noles, a skilful Dentist, from Philadelphia, gives notice that he will insert the *Incorruptible* or *Mineral* Teeth on nearly the same terms as the other kinds of artificial Teeth.

He respectfully announces that all operations on the Teeth will be performed in the most approved manner, and that the fees for his professional services have never been increased.

He is permitted to refer to—Dr. WARREN, Dr. REYNOLDS, Rev. Dr. WAINWRIGHT, Hon. MARCUS MORTON. 8wis march 14

REMOVAL.

MOSES WHITNEY, Watch Maker, informs his friends and the public that he has removed from No. 1 Dock Square to No. 6 Brattle Square, between the Brattle street Church and Elm street, where his customers may find their Watches previously left to be repaired, and where personal attention will be devoted to repairing Watches, Clocks, and Timepieces, of every description, for all who will please favor him with their custom. 3mis march 14

NEW JEWELRY

ESTABLISHMENT,

LAWRENCE WALKER'S, No. 83, Washington-street, Joy's Building.

Where may be found a great variety of GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES of every description, and the latest style of FASHIONABLE JEWELRY, SILVER WARE, SPECTACLES AND FANCY GOODS.

☞The above stock is of recent selections, consequently of the newest and most fashionable patterns, and will be sold as low as can be purchased elsewhere.

april 18 is3m

PAPER HANGINGS

MANUFACTORY,

No. 403, Washington street—entrance in Fayette Court.

HENRY WOOD, Paper-Hanger and Paper-Stainer, respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he continues to keep a good assortment of Paper Hangings of his own manufacture, of the newest and most fashionable styles, which he will warrant to be of as good workmanship and durable colors as any in the market.—He has just finished a variety of new patterns, which he will sell very low for cash.

Those in the country trade would do well to call at this establishment, where they will find an excellent assortment of the middling and low priced Satin Papers, besides a great variety of patterns, which can be made up to order at a few days notice.

H. W. would also inform the builders and holders of real estate in Boston and its vicinity, that he will contract to hang paper, or furnish paper and hang the same by the job, or by the roll, and he pledges himself to give satisfaction, or receive nothing for his services.

Persons wanting any thing in his line, and finding it inconvenient to call at his manufactory, will meet with prompt attention by leaving an order in his order box, at the Mechanics' business room, or at his house, No. 5, Graphic Court.

N. B. Patterns sent for selection to any part of the city. march 28

INDIA RUBBER WATER

PROOF CLOTH WAREHOUSE.

NO 52 WATER STREET—MERCHANTS' HALL, BOSTON.

THE Proprietors of the Boston and Lynn INDIA RUBBER FACTORY, are now ready to contract and furnish any quantity of the *Coated India Rubber Cotton Cloth*, of a superior quality, adapted to many useful purposes. Such as Carriage, Gig and Wagon Tops, Side Curtains and Boots, being more flexible and durable than any painted Canvass; Covering for Gun Powder Casks, Hat and Band-Boxes, Baggage Coverings for Stage Coaches, Hydrostatic Beds, Sick Bed Sheets, Stomach Bags for Hot Water, Injection Bags, Air Beds, Pillows and Cushions, &c. &c.

MANUFACTURED ARTICLES

Kept constantly for sale; Outside Coats; Pantaloons; Caps with Capes; Large Circular Spanish Capes; Swimming Belts; Life Preservers; Air Cushions; Hot Water Cushions for the stomach or feet; Improved Pantaloon Straps.

Garments from the *INDIA RUBBER CLOTH* are made up without sewing, which prevents all needle holes, and have been proved by Pilots and seafaring men to be impervious to Air, or Water; always dry and ready to put on.

There will be a constant supply of these Goods from the Factory, of a quality surpassed by none.

Orders are solicited for any article manufactured from India Rubber Cloth.

Samples can be examined as above.

☞Address C. C. NICHOLS & CO.

august 9 tf

NEW GOODS.

CHARLES GOODWIN, No. 74 Hanover street, is constantly adding to his present assortment of Fancy and Staple Dry Goods, a great variety of new articles which he offers at a very small advance from cost among which may be found—

Black and col'd Gro de Naples;
Do do Gro de Swiss;
French and English Bombazines;
Do do Ginghams;
Do do Prints;
Fancy Handkerchiefs;
Sewing Silk Shawls; Crape and Satin do;
Blond Gauze Veils; Merino Shawls;
Bishop Lawns; Long Lawns;
4-4 Linens, from common to extra;
7-4, 8-4, 9-4 and 10-4 Damask;
Linen Cambrics and Cambric Hdkfs;
A large assortment of Gloves and Hosiery;
American Prints; Shirtings and Sheetings;
Broadcloths and Cassimeres. may 2

PORTRAITS AND PICTURES

FRAMED.

PERSONS about getting their portraits framed, will do well to call at CABOT'S Looking Glass Store, 36, Union street, where they will find a splendid assortment of Frames done in the first rate manner in a great variety of patterns—likewise Prints, Paintings and Needle Work, framed in as good a style and as cheap as can be found in this city. Having had a long experience, both in Boston and New York, in the above line of business, and having a large assortment of [illegible] of my own selection, I feel confident that all [illegible] [illegible] will be [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. march 14

REMOVAL.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL FASHIONABLE HAT STORE.

GEORGE W. EDMANDS respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has removed from No. 47, Cambridge street, and taken one of those commodious stores under the American House, No. 40, Hanover street, where he intends to keep constantly on hand a large assortment of HATS, CAPS, &c. &c. which will be sold at the lowest prices, consisting of gentlemen's, youths' and children's FUR HATS, of every description and quality, and of the most fashionable patterns;

SATIN BEAVER HATS,

of this city and New York manufacture, warranted equal to any made in the United States.

CAPS of every description and quality, and variety of patterns, consisting of Cloth, Merino, Velvet, Leather, Hair Cloth, &c.

Palm Leaf HATS, of every description and quality.

UMBRELLAS and GLOVES.—Silk and Gingham Umbrellas, of different quality—buck, doe, beaver and kid Gloves.

☞G. W. E. would invite those in the city and from the country in want of any of the above articles, by the dozen or otherwise, to call and examine for themselves.

N. B.—Hats made to order at short notice.

☞Cash paid for Shipping Furs. 6t april 11

CHEMICAL

EMBROCATION,

Or—Whitwell's true and original Opodeldoc.

Test of the only true kind.

FIRST—See that the certificate of the late Doctor Mitchell, LL. D. of the city of New York, is on the inside direction paper.

2d—That my name is stamped on the bottle.

3d—That the retail price is not less than 37 1-2 cents a bottle, all others are but base fabrications.

The above may be considered as infallible, in bruises, sprains, rheumatism, stings of insects, vegetable poisons, cramp, &c. &c. In a word, in all cases of external injury.

Sold by all the principal druggists in the U. States who also keep for sale the *VOLATILE AROMATIC SNUFF*, for many years celebrated in cases of catarrh, headache, dizziness, dimness of eyesight, drowsiness, lowness of spirits, hypochondria, nervous weakness, &c. It is most fragrant and grateful to the smell, being composed principally from roots and aromatic herbs. It is absolutely necessary for those who watch with or tend the sick, being an excellent prevention of contagion.—Recommended by Dr. Waterhouse, late Prof. of the Theory and Practice of Physic in Harvard University. Price 50 cts and 25 cts. april 25

BOOK STORE, BINDERY,

AND ACCOUNT BOOK MANUFACTORY, No. 232, Washington, 6 doors south of Summer street:

Where is constantly for sale at the lowest prices, school and miscellaneous Books, Bibles, Testaments, and Common Prayer Books, Hymn Books, of various kinds, selected and arranged for the different denominations of Christians. Account Books, Ledgers, Day Books and Journals, Ladies' Albums, Writing Books, Memorandums, and a variety of Stationary and Cutlery, with almost every other article usually found in a store of this kind.

☞Cards printed at short notice.

may 9 WILLIAM ULMAN, Agent.

SIX MONTHS IN A

HOUSE OF CORRECTION;

B. B. MUSSEY has now in press, and will publish in four weeks, a Narrative of Six Months in a House of Correction, by Miss Dorah Mahoney,—with reminiscences of her adventures in the United States.

Note—Though the Committee of Publication of this little work, may at all times be found ready to seal their holy religion with their blood, if necessary, the publisher thinks it his duty to stand between them and the consuming heat of popular bigotry. He therefore announces that the sufferings of Dorah Mahoney are set forth in the following pages on his sole responsibility.

N. B.—Publishers of newspapers who will publish the above, and send a copy of the paper containing the advertisement to the New England Galaxy Office, shall receive a copy of the work. tf may 9

NEW BOOKS.

THE EVERY DAY CHRISTIAN, No. 1. By T. H. Gallaudet.

The Child's Book on the Sabbath. By the Rev. H. Hooker.

COOK'S TRIAL.—Trial before the Municipal Court of Charles L. Cook, for receiving stolen goods.

For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133, Washington street. may 9.

NEW HAT STORE.

ANSON DEXTER, (late of the firm of Olney, Dexter & Gill) has for sale at his Store, No. 27 Court street, (opposite the New Court House) an entire NEW STOCK of the most fashionable New York and Boston made HATS, CAPS, GLOVES and UMBRELLAS. His friends and the public are invited to call and examine them.

N. B.—HATS and CAPS made to order. may 9

A CARD.

MOSES FRENCH, Jr. of the late firm of Nevers & French, has removed from 65 Purchase street, to Maine Wharf, near the bottom of Summer street, where he will keep for sale, WOOD, BARK and HAY; English and Anthracite COALS, of all descriptions, and where he will be happy to supply the former customers, and all those who please to call on him. may 9

PHRENOLOGY.

PRACTICAL PHRENOLOGY.—A Manual of Phrenology, written in a plain and practical style, by Silas Jones, Practical Lecturer, will shortly be issued from the press of the subscriber. S. COLMAN,

may 2 Publisher for the Trade.

PRINTED MUSLINS AND

JACONETS, RICH PRINTS AND GINGHAMS, LINENS, SILKS and SHAWLS, a full assortment now open and for sale at low prices by E. F. NEWHALL, No. 179 Washington street. may 16

LINEN CAMBRIC HDKFS.

CHEAP.

E. F. NEWHALL, 179, Washington street, has just received one case Linen Cambric Hdkfs, large and fine, at a low price. may 16

TAYLOR'S SPOOL COTTON

ELIAB STONE BREWER has constantly for sale *TAYLOR'S PERSIAN SPOOL COTTON.* The very best article of sewing Cotton imported, as will be asserted by every lady that has used it.

april 25 414, *Washington-street.*

IRISH LINEN

WAREHOUSE.

BENJAMIN JACOBS, Jr. No 44, Washington st. has received a complete assortment of superior 7-8 and 4-4 Irish Linens and 8-8, 5-4, 6-4, 10-4 and 11-4 Linen Sheetings and Pillow Case Linens. Among the assortment of 4-4 Linens will be found a very heavy and superior style, entirely undressed; a few cases extra fine for collars and bosoms of shirts from 7-6 to 11-3 per yard; a few bales extra fine Russia Diapers and Crash; together with the following extensive assortment of housekeeping articles, viz:—

Table Cloths.

4 cases DAMASK TABLE CLOTHS, from 9-8 to 24-4, many of which are extra fine, with Napkins and Doilies to match.

Table Napkins.

Fine Table Napkins and Doilies; extra fine unbleached Linen Doilies; do Napkins; fine French Towels; variety of colored Doilies.

Worsted Cloths.

3 cases elegant worsted Table Cloths, variety of colors, sizes from 9-8 to 20-4; 3-4 by 5-4 worsted and cotton work table Cloths; extra fine worsted Piano Covers; Russia, Irish and Scotch Towellings, of fine quality.

Irish and Scotch Goods.

Superior 6-4, 7-4, 8-4, 9-4 and 10-4 Irish and Scotch Double Damask; white Marseilles Toilet Covers; best Marseilles Quilts, sizes from 10-4 to 16-4.

American Cotton.

Best quality 7-8, 4-4, 9-8 and 5-4 American Cotton Sheetings and Shirtings.

Blankets.

Extra fine double milled Rose Blankets; Crib do.

Cambrics.

Super Long Lawns and Linen Cambrics.

Linen Cambric Hdkfs.

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Linen Cambric Hdkfs.—among which are fine Hemstitch, plain and wrought corners, gentlemen's 4-4 extra fine, white & colored borders.

Flannels.

An extensive variety of white Flannels, suitable for the approaching season, among which are several kinds, well known not to shrink in washing, viz:—Rogers's Patent, 4-4 and 6-4 Silk Warp, fine Gauze Flannel, manufactured of worsted, a beautiful article for summer wear.

☞Purchasers in want of superior fabrics, are invited to examine the assortment. 3m april 11

SILKS AND CALICOES.

3 CASES black and col'd Gro de Nap Silks;
8 do nice and low priced English Calicoes;
1 do do do do Irish Linens;
1 do black Cotton Hose;
1 do white do do;
1 do cloth do do (low priced)
2 do American Prints, do do;
1 do [illegible] Cambrics, for children's wear;
1 do plaid and small check'd English Ginghams;
[illegible] Blond Gauze Veils;
[illegible] Silk Shawls;
[illegible] Fancy Hdkfs;

Together with a good assortment of Broadcloths, Cassimeres, [illegible]

[illegible] [illegible] Calicoes, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

MISCELLANY.

[From the New England Magazine.]

THE FIELDS OF WAR.

BY I. M'LELLAN, JR.

"The leaders of the war of the Revolution are seen, by Fancy's eye, to take their stations on the mount of Remembrance. They come from the embattled cliffs of Abraham; they start from the heaving sods of Bunker's Hill; they gather from the blazing lines of Saratoga and Yorktown—from the blood-dyed waters of the Brandywine, from the dreary snows of Valley-Forge, and all the hard-fought fields of the war.—*Edward Everett.*

They rise, by stream and yellow shore,
By mountain, moor, and fen;
By weedy rock and torrent hoar,
And lonesome forest-glen!
From many a woody moss-grown mound,
Start forth a war-worn band,
As when, of old, they caught the sound
Of hostile arms, and closed around—
To guard their native land.

Hark! to the charging horn—
Hark, to the rolling drum!
Arms glitter in the flash of morn—
The hosts to battle come!
The serried files, the plumed troop
Are marshalled once again,
Along the Hudson's mountain-group,
Along the Atlantic main!

On Bunker, at the dead of night,
I seem to view the raging fight,
The burning town, the smoky height,
The onset, the retreat!
And, down the banks of Brandywine,
I see the levelled bayonets shine;
And lurid clouds of battle twine,
Where struggling columns meet.

Yorktown and Trenton blaze once more;
And, by the Delaware's frozen shore,
The hostile guns at midnight roar,
The hostile shouts arise.
The snows of Valley-Forge grow red,
And Saratoga's field is spread
With heaps of undistinguished dead,
And filled with dying cries!

* * * *

'Tis o'er; the battle-shout has died
By ocean, stream, and mountain-side;
And the bright harvest, far and wide,
Waves o'er the blood-drenched field.
The rank grass o'er it greenly grows—
And oft, the upturning share discloses
The buried arms and bones of those
Who fell, but would not yield!

Time's rolling chariot hath effaced
The very hillocks, where were placed
The bodies of the dead in haste,
When closed the furious fight.
The ancient fort and rampart-mound
Long since have settled to the ground,
On Bunker's famous height—
And the last relics of the brave
Are sinking to oblivion's grave!

[From Hall's Western Monthly Magazine.]

WESTERN EMIGRANTS.

We have already suggested that although every part of the Western country is good, and some of it surpassingly excellent, a large portion of our people are continually looking abroad for better land. As a person of sanguine temperament is ever feasting in imagination upon some anticipated pleasure which is superior to all the joys that we are in possession of, so we have still some Eden prospect, which is more desirable than the prolific fields around us. The whole land is on the *qui vive*—wide awake, and watching for intelligence from some newly discovered *El Dorado*, which would be a good place to move to. Sometimes one place is cried up, and sometimes another; Jackson's purchase, and then, it is the Sangamon country; and no sooner does rumor thus invest a famed region with imaginary charms, than hundreds of farmers mount their horses and ride off to explore it, and hundreds of others, who are too impatient to look before they leap, gear up their teams, and move away to the land of promise. The delightful season at which we are writing, brings these scenes forcibly to our recollection. The weather is dry, the sky serene, and the atmosphere mild, the roads are excellent, the corn ripe, the cattle and hogs fat, and the land teeming with abundance. It is the season in which the emigrant may travel with the greatest facility and cheapness. We have seen them at this time of the year strung along the roads of Illinois, in such numbers that there seemed to be no end to the long cavalcade.—Here is a little train of wagons, loaded with furniture and farming tools; the owner, a stout, sun-burnt man, walks before—the wife and children are stowed among the baggage—the tall girls, and the great muscular boys, each of the latter with a rifle on his shoulder, are strolling in the rear. They are from Tennessee. At night they halt by a spring or on the bank of a stream, a great fire is kindled, the beds and pallets are spread upon the ground, and after a hearty supper, the whole party repose comfortably in the open air. There is another party, the men on horseback, the females are in carriages or on horses, and there is a train of negroes—they are going to Missouri. Here is a family from Kentucky—they are very much like those that have just passed, except that they are better 'fixed'—they carry more household goods, and are a grade farther advanced in their notions of comfort. All these that we have described are reputable farmers, who will enrich themselves, and do credit to the State. There is a band of a different character. Several families are together—not because misery loves company—for wretched as they seem, they are as happy as others. They are all on foot, except a decrepit matron who is mounted on a lean pony, with a child in her lap, and a half naked, wicked boy, behind. Their 'plunder' is carried in an ox-cart. They carry axes, guns, and knives, and are a half-clad, hungry, ferocious looking set, who, in Europe, if not taken up for robbers or gypsies, would be arrested for the crime of poverty. Yet *except their poverty*, and the indolence which produced it, there is no harm in them. Among them is a widow and nine children, all barefooted and bareheaded—she lost 'her man' lately, and finding it hard to get along in the world, is going to try a new country. These are from North Carolina. A little covered wagon is seen, a creaking, crazy affair, almost worn out, drawn by one horse, whose last debt to nature seems to be nearly due. Within are seated a young man and woman; they are man and wife, and are as like each other as two peas—they have had the ague regularly every year, and are as sallow as a dried corn-stalk. They have no property along, nor any baggage—nothing but the horse, the wagon, and their two selves; and they seem to have reached that part of the journey of life which the justice of the peace who married them alluded to when he said 'for better, for worse'. They meet a gentleman who happens to be a lawyer in his circuit—the man hails him, and stops his lean pony, who straightway pokes down his head, and falls to cropping the tall grass. 'Stranger, can you tell me of a good place to settle?'

'O yes it is all good here, you can't go amiss.'

'I want to find a good piece of land that belongs to Congress.'

'Then you have come to the right place, for the Government owns nearly all the land that you see unimproved.'

'Well, I reckon, stranger, it would be no harm to settle down a'most any where, and build a cabin?'

'None in the world—where did you come from?'

'From North Carolina.'

'How long have you been coming?'

'Three weeks.'

'Where did you intend to go when you started?'

'No where in particular. Me and my wife thought we'd hunt a place to settle. We've no money, nor no plunder—nothin but just ourselves and this nag—and we thought we'd try our luck in a new country.'

'You are right,' said the lawyer, 'go ahead, you are just the man for a new country. Take possession of the first good tract that you find vacant, and fall to work.'

Sometimes a dozen or twenty of these companies collect in the evening at the same camping ground. They kindle their separate fires, and crowd round them.—Whole acres are covered with beds, tents, wagons, horses and cattle. The men talk together, the women [illegible] children, and the whole scene is one of lively and picturesque interest. While the weather is open, there are few hardships to encounter in such journeys; but occasionally it rains. The sun sets behind a cloud, the wind changes, and cold driving showers pelt the defenceless travellers. They cannot travel in such a storm. Some crowd in their carriages and wagons—some make shelter by extending sheets and coverlids upon poles—and some fare no better than the horses, which turn their backs to the wind, droop their heads, and stand in patient submission, while the rain is dripping from their shivering sides.

In the meanwhile, all the western [illegible]

and travelling he had in comparison to those who [illegible] tavern. Beforehand [illegible] before he came forth to this warfare. He traced the various routes upon the map, read all the books touching the subject that he could borrow, and wrote to divers Postmasters in the West, with whom he could correspond without the expense of postage. He even strained a point, and paid the postage on a few letters of inquiry. We could show some that afford specimens of Jonathan's inquisitive nature and prudent foresight—one in particular, which contained, if we remember right, seventy-six distinct queries, the answer to which would have filled a volume as large as a dictionary. Jonathan, therefore, not only knows where he is going, but has ascertained the cheapest route and the most eligible conveyance. He is floating quietly along the lake, or patiently meandering the Ohio. To look at him you would not suppose him worth a cent—nor does he care what you think about the matter—he has Nicholas Biddle's passport in his pocket, and knows that no man can stop him. He has sold out all that he had, and put the whole concern into his purse. He might ride in a coach and four if he chose, but has taken a deck passage in a steamboat. He is a small, active, grave man, and most probably hath been a deacon. That decent, neat old lady in spectacles is his wife, and a worthy lady she is. But she is terribly scared. With what earnestness she begs the Captain not to go too fast, nor to let the boiler explode—and with what interest she inquires about snags, alligators, fevers, wolves, and Indians! Poor lady she will never become morally acclimated, and never like the west a whit better than she does now. She is too old to degenerate, and too good to get better. There is more hope of those rosy girls, with plain, close bonnets, and large travelling baskets in their laps. They have come to the West to do good, and they will succeed; they will teach school for six months, which is a very good thing, and then they will get married, which is better—for them. Those slim young men, so 'melancholy and gentlemanlike,' are going to be lawyers and doctors. They are graduates, and their conversation is on the moral depravity of ignorance, and the intellectual destitution of the West. They are going to supply some of the waste places. The difference between them and the worthy deacon aforesaid is, that he is diligently trying to learn, while they are as zealously attempting to teach. The contrast is that between the youth and age, between the young scholar and the old farmer.

Thus they are filling up the West from abroad, and thus they are moving, and circulating, and changing places within the West. But our broad valley is not wide enough for the operation of this enterprising spirit and there are Alexanders among us, who, having overrun every known field of ambition, are sighing for new worlds to conquer. The thousands of square miles that lie yet unbroken by the plough, the league after league of forest which remains unviolated by the axe of the backwoods-man, are insufficient. Our steamboats have ascended the Mississippi to the falls of St. Anthony; they have traced the meanders of the Missouri to a still more distant region; our traders pass annually over vast deserts to Santa Fe, and the adventurous trapper has sought the haunts of the beaver beyond the Rocky Mountains; and yet the lust for newer lands, and for novel scenes of commercial enterprise, is undiminished. The limits of the United States have been found too narrow to afford scope for the genius of her sons, and a hardy few have penetrated into the territory of our Southern neighbors.

NEW BOOKS.

THE LADY'S BOOK—FOR MAY, containing original and selected Compositions, Fashions, Engravings, Music, and Embroidery.
The Infidel—or, the Fall of Mexico. A Romance, by the author of 'Calavar,' two volumes.
Thirty Years Correspondence, between John Jebb, D. D. F. R. S. Bishop of Limerick, &c. and Alexander Knox, Esq. M. R. I. A. Edited by the Rev. Charles Forster, B. D.
Spiritual Despotism, by the author of Natural History of Enthusiasm.
The American Journal of the Medical Sciences for May.
Fanny Kemble in America, or the Journal of an Actress reviewed—by an English Lady.
History of Eastport and Vicinity—a Lecture delivered before the Eastport Lyceum, by Jonathan D. Weston, Esq. Counsellor at Law.
For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133, Washing street. may 23

WILLIAM ULMAN, AGENT,

BOOKSELLER, STATIONER, AND BLANK-BOOK MANUFACTURER, and dealer in FANCY ARTICLES, 232, Washington street—six doors south of Summer-street, Boston.
WILLIAM ULMAN, having a *BINDERY*, will devote his attention to binding New and Old Books of every description, at the lowest prices.
Particular care given to binding Music, gentlemen's Libraries, Newspapers, Periodicals and Pamphlets, &c.
Portfolios made to order. Paper ruled to any pattern. Printing and Engraving neatly executed.
Blank Books made to order, in the best style, at short notice.
Business and Visiting Cards executed in the best manner. may 23

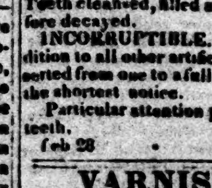
COMBS! COMBS! COMBS!!

A. S JORDAN, sign of the *Original Golden Comb*, No. 2, Milk street, manufactures and has for sale a well selected assortment of Shell and Horn Combs, including those of the latest and most improved patterns. Ladies are solicited to call and examine. tf—may 23

NEW BOOKS.

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF MED'L SCIENCES. No. 31. May, 1835.
American Cyclopedia of Practical Medicine and Surgery, edited by Isaac Hays, M. D.
National Portrait Gallery, Nos 23 and 24, containing Portraits of Thos. Jefferson, Alexander Hamilton, Jas. A. Bayard, Benjamin Franklin, and David Wooster.
Received by S. COLMAN, Old Stand of Lilly, Wait & Co. 121, Washington street. may 23

OPERATIONS ON THE TEETH.



DR B. T. PRESCOTT respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he is prepared to attend to all branches of DENTAL SURGERY, at his place, corner of Hanover and Portland streets, Boston—viz—Carious Teeth cleansed, filled and rendered equally useful as before decayed.
INCORRUPTIBLE, or PORCELAIN TEETH, in addition to all other artificial Teeth now in use, will be inserted from one to a full set, in the neatest manner and at the shortest notice.
Particular attention paid to the regulation of children's teeth.
feb 28 3m

VARNISH AND GLUE BRUSHES.

BRASS-Handled, Varnish and Glue Brushes, used also by India Rubber Manufacturers, made without Cement, and warranted to stand in any composition. Manufactured only by J. J. ADAMS, No 15 Exchange street.
april 4 8w

NOTICE.

JOHN SIMMS respectfully informs the citizens of Boston and Charlestown, that he continues to manufacture the first-rate of SATIN BEAVER HATS, and keeps constantly on hand a full supply, at wholesale or retail, at No. 39, Commercial street.
Country dealers supplied on the most liberal terms, for cash or approved credit.
*** JOHN SIMMS obtained the premium awarded by the American Institute in New York, at the last annual Fair, for the best Drab Satin Beaver Hat. 3m april 18

NEW STOCK OF

BOOTS AND SHOES.

A LARGE assortment of Boots and Shoes, carefully selected, and well adapted to the spring trade, comprising as complete an assortment as can be found in the city.
Also a general assortment of Shoe Stock.
For sale on reasonable terms at No 23, North Market street by RUSSELL & BUCKNAM.
N. B. Nowell's Blacking at wholesale.
feb 14 tf

LINEN SHIRT

COLLARS AND BOSOMS.

KIMBALL, 12, Washington street, having made an arrangement with one of the first manufacturers of the above article, will be constantly supplied with an assortment of every style and quality of Collars and Bosoms of superior make. Now on hand—
100 doz extra Fine Stitched Linen Collars,
100 do do do Plain do do
200 do Medium quality do do do
150 do do Stitched do do
300 do Common do Plain do do
Also—Plain, plaited, embroidered, and ruffle Bosoms from 3 to 25 dollars per dozen.
Country Traders will find it for their advantage to examine this assortment. march 16

FANCY PRINTING,

CARDS, CIRCULARS, PAMPHLETS, BLANKS, STORE AND SHOW BILLS,
PROMPTLY EXECUTED
[illegible]

SILK AND MUSLIN GOODS.

NEW SUPPLY.

GEO. W. FROTHINGHAM will open on Monday, a large assortment of blk, blue blk, and colored rich, large and small fig'd Silks; blk, blue blk and col'd Marceline Silks, a beautiful article for summer dresses; also Pouli de Soie and Gros de Paris Silks, of rich lustre and fashionable shades; superior (fast colors) French Jaconetts; Corded Muslins and French Prints; Fancy Shawls and Hdkfs; Veils; Ribbons and Bonnet Silks; Crape Royal, for thin dresses, fashionable colors; together with a great variety of desirable articles, which will be sold low, at No 249 Washington street. may 23

SUPERIOR STYLE

OF IRISH LINENS.

BENJ. JACOBS, No. 44, Washington street, a few doors north of State street, has received a few cases of uncommonly heavy LINENS, weighing nearly nine lbs to the piece of 25 yds—the yarn is spun by machinery from the best long staple flax, and very even wove. He flatters himself they are superior to Linens usually imported into this market.
Also—300 pieces soft dressed Linens, manufactured from hand spun yarn—1 case 11-4 extra Superfine Linen Sheetings.
The above Linens are put up to order and are *warranted all pure linen.* may 23

INTERMEDIATE SCHOOL.

THE Subscriber has opened an intermediate school between the hours of 12, M. and 1, P. M. for the accommodation of those who cannot attend at another hour. He would like to receive several more into his Arithmetic class, though he would by no means restrict those who may attend to that study alone. Terms made known on application at his school room, No. 46, Washington street, (up stairs.) R. P. ADAMS.
may 9

THE ORIGINAL

GOLDEN COMB.

A. S. JORDAN, No. 2, Milk-street, alters and repairs, Combs in the neatest manner and at the lowest prices. All work warranted. tf may 23

RAZORS HONED, &C,

TO GENTLEMEN WHO SHAVE THEMSELVES. Razors honed and warranted to cut as well as new. Also, particular attention paid to honing penknives. Handles put to Razors at the subscriber's Hair Cutting Room, Bromfield street, adjoining the Bromfield House.
may 9 5t J. H. GRUSH, Jr.

MARBLE MANUFACTORY,

Merrimac-street, opposite the Hay Scales, and near Union-street, Boston.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has on hand a large assortment of Marble work, consisting of—
Marble Chimney Pieces, manufactured from best Foreign and Domestic Marble,
Marble Pier and Centre Table Tops,
Marble Monuments, } for Cemeteries.
Marble Tomb Stones, } for Cemeteries.
Marble and Slate Grave Stones, } for Cemeteries.
Also, a constant supply of Free Stone, for buildings of every kind.
The above comprises a very extensive assortment, and will be sold on such terms as cannot fail to give satisfaction to purchasers.
feb 28 3m CHARLES HARLOW.

PARLEY'S ALMANAC

FOR 1836. In press, and will be published in due season by the subscriber. Retail price 25 cents. Terms to the Trade liberal, from whom orders are respectfully solicited. S. COLMAN, Publisher for the Trade, old stand of Lilly Wait & Co.
may 2

NEW BOOKS.

THE CRAYON MISCELLANY, No. 1. Containing "A Tour on the Prairies." By Irving, author of the "Sketch Book."
The Highland Smugglers. By the author of "Persian Adventurer" &c.
The Lady Superior's Answer to "Six Months in a Convent."
Tales of Woman's Trials. By Mrs. S. C. Hall.
Real Life. Pages from the Portfolio of a Chronicler, bound in one volume.
For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133, Washington street. april 18

FRANCISCO B. CASAS,

INSTRUCTER OF THE

SPANISH LANGUAGE,

AND OF

DRAWING.

feb7 JOY'S BUILDING, ROOM, No. 34.

MOROCCO WORK.

FOR SALE at MARSH'S, No. 77, Washington-st. (Joy's building) the largest assortment of Morocco Goods to be found in the city—among the variety are some very splendid Port Folios, with and without locks. Also, Writing Cases, Bankers' Cases, Trunk Books, &c.
april 4

THE ART OF RAPID

WRITING,

EASILY AND SPEEDILY ATTAINED.

MR. FOSTER'S Rooms are at 116, Washington-street, where he continues to teach *PENMANSHIP AND BOOK-KEEPING*, upon the most modern and improved principles.
YOUNG MEN are qualified for Mercantile situations in a superior and expeditious manner; their attention being exclusively directed to practical utility.
LADIES are taught a free, flowing hand, and are enabled to correct the most cramped, illegible scrawl, and ever after to write with ease and satisfaction to themselves.
This system of writing is a radical, solid improvement, productive of the most important advantages.—It presents no obstacles;—the school boy may learn to write in a few months;—the aged see their writing become young again, and are astonished at the change;—the CLERK acquires a free, rapid hand, and reaps the benefit of it in an increased salary;—the MERCHANT corrects a cramped style and is pleased at the idea of having set a good example to others; in a word *every person may learn to write with elegance and freedom.*—The day is not far distant when the art of painting words will cease to be stationary, and when we shall no longer hear the oft repeated saying, "*I could never learn to write,"—" French and Latin exercises have spoiled my hand,"—" It is impossible for me to change my illegible mode of writing, &c. &c.*
The peculiarities of this new system consists in the application of philosophical and anatomical principles to the business of writing. Its distinguishing features are:—
1. *All slow and formal practice is abandoned, and exercises substituted, which impart a free, flowing command of pen. The letters are executed by the simultaneous movement of the hand and fore-arm combined, with that of the fingers and thumb—the arm resting lightly near the elbow—while the third and fourth fingers are used as a* MOVABLE *support.*
2. *The learner attains a mastery of the simple and combined movements of the hand and arm, and this muscular facility enables him to write with ease, elegance and expedition.*
3. *The process is simple, rational and philosophical; easily applied to practice and easily acquired. The exercises are, from the first, performed rapidly, and in addition to great freedom and experience, the habit of writing straight, is given and confirmed.*
4. *A conformity of slope in the letters, and regularity in the lines. These, all will admit, to be fundamental properties of good writing.*
5. *A thorough command of hand is acquired, by which the longest words may be written without lifting the pen.—This cannot be performed by any other process whatever; and without it, there can be no such thing as free, rapid writing.*
6. *The style is bold, free, and business like; combining in an eminent degree the essential qualities of legibility, uniformity, compactness, and facility of execution.*
7. *The pupil is made acquainted with the precise object of each exercise, and by interesting his understanding, his curiosity is excited and his attention fixed, and finding at every lesson that he is making rapid progress, he requires no further incitement to persevere than the pleasure he receives in becoming, without toil or delay,* AN ELEGANT AND EXPERT PENMAN.
march 28 eow3m

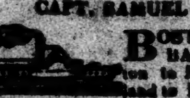
'AMORY HALL ACADEMY.'

CORNER OF WASHINGTON AND WEST ST'S.

CLASSES in French and Latin, on Monday and Thursday Evenings, and Saturday A. M. and P. M.
Classes in Book Keeping, by Single and Double Entry, from 12 till 1, every day, and Monday and Thursday Evenings, from 7 till 9.
PENMANSHIP, of every description taught by the Quarter or number of Lessons.
Classes for Boys in any of the above Branches, from 12 till 2, P. M.
References—Hon Theodore Lyman, Jr; Hon H. G. Otis; Charles G. Loring, Esq.; Rev J. J. Janeway, D. D. Philadelphia; Henry Nixon, Esq. Pres. Bk. North Am. Philad; J. Barrington, Esq. Sec. Ins. Bk. Philad; Rt Rev Bishop Brownell, and Hon Thomas Day, Sec of the State of Connecticut.
Mons J. A. FRONTIN, French Teacher, respectfully informs his former pupils and friends that he [illegible]
References—John Lowell, Esq; Professor Ticknor; Joseph Adams; E. A. Andrews and Rev James Walker.
C. & E. H. RICHARDSON, Principals.
jan 3 4m

STEAM PACKET BANGOR,

CAPT. SAMUEL H. HOWES.



BOSTON, PORTLAND, and BANGOR. Fare from Boston to Portland, $3; from Portland to Bangor, $4, and found.
The elegant low pressure Steam Packet Bangor, Capt Samuel H. Howes, will leave Boston every Saturday at 5 P. M. for Portland and Bangor; arrives at Portland Sunday morning; leaves Portland same morning at 7 o'clock for Bangor; touching at Owlshead, Belfast, Bucksport and Frankfort, and arrives at Bangor same evening.
Returning, will leave Bangor for Portland and Boston, Tuesday morning at 7 o'clock; arrive at Portland same evening. Leaves Portland for Boston every Wednesday morning at 7 o'clock.
For Portland, will leave Boston every Thursday, at 5 P. M.
From Portland for Boston, will leave every Friday evening at 7 o'clock.
Freight will not be received on board after 4 P. M. on the days of sailing.
This splendid Steam Packet was built by Messrs Brown & Bell, of New York, of the very best materials for strength, equal to any in the United States. She is almost 400 tons burthen, built expressly for a sea route.
Her engine was from the Manufactory of J. P. Allaire, of New York, and has proved to be equal to any in use in this country, by constant use the whole of last season and not requiring any repairs.
In the fitting up of this Packet no expenses have been spared to contribute to the comfort or safety of passengers. She is provided with two powerful forcing pumps and suction hose; also a Fire Engine to be kept on her deck, in case of Fire to operate on any part of the boat. Five large boats, a large number of India rubber and cork Mattrasses, one of which will sustain four persons on the water.
She is rigged with fore and aft sails, in case of accident to the Engine, that can be managed as any other vessel.
Many improvements have been made during the winter, under the immediate inspection of Captain Howes. She has been on the Salem railway, and coppered. Her cabins have been lighted, several state rooms made on her main deck, and completely and thoroughly overhauled.
For passage, apply to ISAAC W. GOODRICH, No 38 Washington street, at which place a plan of the cabins may be seen, and berths secured, or on board, of the Captain, or to M. W. GREEN, Agent, Lewis's wharf.
Travellers may depend on the above arrangements being permanently made. tf march 28

NEW BOOKS.

THE PHENIX—A collection of old and new fragments.
The Complete Farmer. By Thomas G. Fessenden.
Memoir of Swartz. By Hugh Pearson, D. D.
Wilberforce's Practical View of Christianity.
Barnes' Notes on the Acts, Vol. 2.
Esther—A religious narrative, with an original poem, by H. F. Gould.
For sale by *MARSH, CAPEN & LYON*, 133, Washington street. may 18

FOR THE DEAF.

THE Boston and Lynn India Rubber Co. have manufactured and offer for sale, an India Rubber Elastic Ear Trumpet, of an entirely new construction, by means of which persons not entirely deaf are enabled to hear with perfect distinctness the ordinary tones of the voice in conversation.
They are perfectly portable, of an elegant finish, and have been pronounced by persons who have used them superior to anything of the kind in use.
For sale at the Co's Warehouse, No. 52, Water st.
may 16 istf

REFINED CIDER.

J. W. CARTER, Bromfield street, has on hand a large spring stock of prime Bottled Cider, which he offers for sale at wholesale or retail, also Bottled Porter, and Albany Ale; Meldrum's Ale, in quart and pint bottles; together with a variety of bottled Wines—all of which will be sold at low prices, and sent to any part of the city free of expense. tf march 14

LOOKING-GLASS, PORTRAIT, PICTURE FRAME

MANUFACTORY,

36, Union-street, *(one door West of the Baptist Church.)*

THE Subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he is prepared to attend to the commands of those who may be pleased to favor him with their business in the above line. He hopes by his assiduity and attention to business to merit a share of the public patronage.
N. B. Particular attention paid to framing Ladies' Needle Work. Frames made for Looking Glass Plates. *Old frames re-gilt.*
feb 28 3m JOSEPH CABOT.

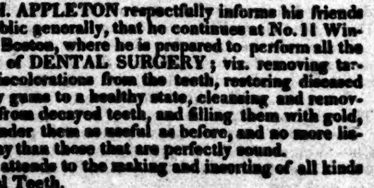
CARAGEEN, OR IRISH MOSS.

4 CRATES of this much valued article, received direct from Ireland, and for sale by HENSHAW & Co. No 28 GRANITE STORE, Commercial Wharf, in parcels to suit purchasers. 6m feb21

CIDER.

350 BBLS Refined Cider, a very superior article for bottling, for sale by HOLBROOK & MOODY, No. 218, Ann-street, corner of Sun Court st.
Also, for sale, a quantity of bottled Cider, as above
Cider delivered to any part of the city free of expense. 3m march 7

Operations on the Teeth



DR. I. H. APPLETON respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he continues at No. 11 Winter-street, Boston, where he is prepared to perform all the operations of DENTAL SURGERY; viz. removing tartar and discolorations from the teeth, restoring diseased and spongy gums to a healthy state, cleansing and removing caries from decayed teeth, and filling them with gold, so as to render them as useful as before, and no more liable to decay than those that are perfectly sound.
He also attends to the making and inserting of all kinds of Artificial Teeth.
PORCELAIN, or INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH inserted on gold plates, from one to a full set, in the most approved manner.
The regulating of children's teeth, will receive his special attention.
Having for more than fifteen years devoted himself to the profession, he confidently believes he shall be able to give satisfaction to all who may favor him with their patronage.
He begs leave to inform the public that he has availed himself of the services of a skilful and scientific gentleman from Philadelphia, to assist him in his operations.
Dr. A. has prepared and used, for more than fifteen years, the COLUMBIAN LOTION, which has been proved by hundreds of individuals, and is highly recommended by eminent Physicians of this city, to be an effectual remedy for counteracting the pernicious effects of calomel, unpleasantness of breath, spongy or inflamed gums, and other diseases of the mouth.
He prepares also the COLUMBIAN TOOTH POWDER, for diseased teeth and gums, and the PEARL DENTIFRICE, for purifying the breath and whitening the teeth, and constantly keeps on hand an assortment of Tooth and Sponge Brushes of his own selecting.

BURNS AND SCALDS

A POSITIVE CURE.

ANTI-PHLOGISTIC PASTE, for Burns and Scalds, Erysipelas and Phlegmonous Inflammation, St Anthony's Fire, Erythema, Shingles, Stings and Bites of Insects, Inflamed Blisters, Vegetable Poisons, Chapped Hands, &c. Fever Sores, (Necrosis) Biles, Inflamed Breasts, Whitlow, Abscesses, Carbuncles Gangreen, &c. &c. &c. Sore Legs, Ulcers of every description, Schirrous Tumors and Glands, Bruises and Sprains: Fractures, Contused and Lacerated Wounds: every grade of Gunshot Wounds. It is sure to give immediate relief, and a healthy action to the living parts, and we can hardly conceive of a fracture or wound so bad as to cause death or need amputation, if the Paste be timely and properly applied. All inflammations of a specific character, as Scrofulous Tumors, Glands, Ulcers and Abcesses; White Swellings and Inflamed Joints from any cause.
Scrofulous Humors, and every other species of Eruption, as Salt Rheum, Herpes, Scalded Head, Ringworm, Pimpled Face, and Blotches. It is a specific for the Piles, giving immediate relief. Local Syphillitic Inflammation it is sure to remove, and prevent suppuration in the worst cases.
In all the above diseases the Paste has but one action, which is the removal of heat, pain, swelling and more or less of fever, when this is done, nature soon finishes the cure, or the diseased parts become well simultaneously. It needs no certificates; use it, and you will know more of it than can be told you.
Sold wholesale and retail by TROTT & CO, 123 State street, Boston, and by Druggists in the city generally.—Also, by Asa B. Foster, Weston, (Vt) and A. & T. Hall, Keene, (N. H.) S. F. Brown, Salem, (Mass) J. R. Wadsworth, Providence, (R. I.) J. Hubbard, Lowell, (Mass.) John H. Wheeler, Dover, (N. H.) dec 13

SHEPARD, OLIVER & CO.

TYPE AND STEREOTYPE FOUNDERS.

No. 3, Water st., (2 doors from Washington st.) Boston.
KEEP for sale all kinds of Book and Newspaper Type, both new and second-hand.
Stereotyping of all kinds executed with accuracy and dispatch on the most reasonable terms.
A large discount made for cash. april 4

BRUSH MANUFACTORY, AND WAREHOUSE.

No. 15 EXCHANGE STREET.

J. J. ADAMS, has for sale as above *COMMON* and *FANCY BRUSHES*, of every description at Wholesale and Retail.
He is constantly manufacturing the article, and will furnish to order all kinds of Factory and Machine Brushes of good quality and at the lowest prices.
N. B. Bristles for Stock-making and Shoemaker's use, for Sale. 8w april 8

WATCHES,

A LARGE assortment of *GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES*, constantly on hand and for sale at No 1 Washington street.
THOMAS A. DAVIS & CO.
Watches exchanged. eop3m feb 21

OLD JAVA COFFEE,

ROASTED, Ground, and put up in neat canisters, ready for use, wholesale or retail. The subscriber will also send for, roast and grind Coffee at short notice, and return the same to any part of the city, free of expense, for two dollars per hundred. He also keeps constantly on hand pulverized Loaf Sugar, a beautiful article for bar or family use. All kinds of Spices ground at short notice, by J. W. CARTER, Bromfield street.
march 28

ACCORDIONS,

WITH SEMITONES.

AMONG the lot received to-day, are a few with this desirable addition. For sale by JOSEPH L. BATES,
march 21 6 Court street near Washington st.

MUSTARD.

WARRANTED of Superior quality, Fine and Superfine in Kegs, Cannisters and Bottles manufactured and for sale wholesale and retail by DEXTER DANA, corner of Cross and Ann streets, Boston.
N. B. All kinds of Spices for sale or ground at short notice.
Also, Coffee burnt and ground for retailing.
nov 1 ly

BATHS.

BRAMAN'S WARM SALT WATER BATHS, bottom Chesnut street, are open every day from sunrise to 10 P. M. A female in attendance to wait on Ladies.
The Tremont fresh water Baths, Tremont House, open as usual. tf march 14

ISAAC L. HILDRETH.

MERCHANT TAILOR,

HAS the pleasure to inform his friends and the public that he has taken the Store No 4 Rodger's Building, Congress Square, formerly occupied by John H. Simonds—where he will keep constantly on hand a complete assortment of Cloths, Cassimeres and Vestings of the latest style and variety of fabric to suit those who may favor him with their patronage. 3m feb 14

WATER PROOF PREMIUM GOODS

INDIA RUBBER WATER PROOF GOODS of the Style and quality which obtained the PREMIUM MEDAL AT THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE NEW YORK, at their last Annual Exhibition. Constantly for sale at the Boston and Lynn India Rubber Company's Store, No 52 Water street, Boston—viz; Cloaks, —Wrappers—Surtouts—Cloak Capes—Pea and Monkey Jackets—Sportsmen do—Pantaloons with or without feet —Caps with Capes—Cushions—Life Preservers—Hydrostatic Sheets *and beds complete*—Bath sacks—Hydraulic tubing—Injection do, &c. *Air Beds*—Cushions—Pillows —Gass Bags—with every variety of articles impervious to air or water—at wholesale or retail by
nov 1 tf C. C. NICHOLS & CO, Boston

FRENCH SHOES.

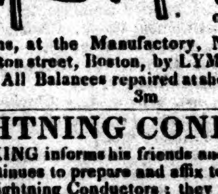
THE Subscriber has for the last five or six years paid considerable attention to the French Shoes of Este's make. All that have given them a fair trial give them the preference, because they wear best and do not stretch as much, and possess all of the ease and comfort that is peculiar to Este's shoes. As the foot is dependant on the form of the shoe for its good shape, misses' and children's shoes will be particularly attended too, and made by the best workmen. Now for sale—Morocco, Kid, Calf-skin, Prunella, Satin, Sateen and Bronze Kid Slippers; Morocco and Calf-skin, Grecian ties thick Soles; Morocco, Grecian ties, thin Soles; kid slips thick Soles; fur lined Shoes, thin and thick Soles; misses' and children's Calf-skin, Grecian ties, thick Soles; Kid, Morocco, Calf-skin and Bronze, Kid Slippers; Bronze, Green and Black, Morocco, Grecian ties, thin Soles. Ladies', misses' and children's Boots and Shoes made to order. JOHN KIMBALL, 2d,
198, Tremont, 6 doors from Court-street, Boston.
march 14

EXTRA PAINT AND

VARNISH BRUSHES,

OF superior quality, manufactured on a new plan, with handles warranted fast. For sale by J. J. ADAMS, Brush Manufacturer, No. 15, Exchange st.
april 4

BALANCE MANUFACTORY.



PATENT BALANCES and Scale Beams manufactured in the best manner, and warranted equal to any of the kind, manufactured and for sale, wholesale or retail, on the most reasonable terms, at the Manufactory, No. 3 Fulton street, near Clinton street, Boston, by LYMAN LOCKE.
N. B. All Balances repaired at short notice, and warranted. 3m may 2

LIGHTNING CONDUCTORS

DR. KING informs his friends and the public that he continues to prepare and affix to buildings, his improved Lightning Conductors; they are approved by all practical and well informed Electricians, as affording superior protection against Lightning to the old form.—Gentlemen in want of Lightning Conductors are invited to call at his rooms, No 54 Cornhill, Boston, where they may be satisfied of the superior effects of his Rods, by illustration; where also may be had Plate and Cylinder Electrical Machines, Galvanic Batteries and their apparatus—all warranted of the best workmanship, and superior power; prices reasonable, for cash or approved credit. may 2

ROBERT BURNS.

J. CRISSY, No. 4, Minor-street, Philadelphia, has just published a new edition of the WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS, containing all the Poems and Songs of the above author that are thought to possess any value, extracted from the late edition, edited by Allan Cunningham. This edition is embellished with a new and very fine likeness of Burns, and a vignette, representing the Cottage in which he was born, engraved upon steel expressly for the present edition.
The following advertisement of the American editor, explains the character of the present work.
"The careless manner in which Burns distributed many of his effusions among his friends, with scarcely any regard to their preservation, has hitherto rendered a complete edition of his works a desideratum very difficult of attainment. Short poems, of great merit, have been, from time to time, rescued from obscurity, and inserted in the successive editions of his works; but a considerable number were, from a variety of considerations, still suppressed, until the recent publication of Cunningham's edition has brought them to light. With respect to some of these fugitive pieces, the reasons for their suppression are sufficiently obvious, even if they had not been fairly and very properly avowed by the poet himself. They are such as could neither do honour to him, nor service to the public at large; and although their original effusion may be excusable, in consideration of the political or personal feelings which prompted them, yet their preservation is no less unjust to the reputation of the bard, than detrimental to the cause of good taste and pure morality.
"These observations are applicable to a part only of the additions to Burns's Works, which have been made in Cunningham's edition. All those pieces to which they do not, with greater or less force, apply, have been introduced into the new edition which we now offer to the public, and which we believe to be entitled, in every proper and worthy sense, to be considered the complete Works of Burns; inasmuch as we are fully convinced that a revision of his works by the author himself, would have left nothing in them which we have not retained."
may 16

LADIES FRENCH SHOES.

1 CASE *FRENCH SHOES*, 'Joly's' manufacture, (*a superior article*) containing Lace Morocco Walking Pumps; blk Morocco Kid and Satin Slips, bronze and other colors.
Also, one case do do 'Este's' manufacture.
The above together with a good assortment of Ladies, Misses' and Childrens' *SHOES*, of every description, are offered for sale on the best terms, by WILLIAM F. RAYNER.
march 28 ep3m 245, Washington street.

BOOTS AND SHOES,

FOR CASH,
AT VERY LOW PRICES,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL BY
THOMAS C. WALES,
No 135 Washington Street.
sept 26 tf

VEGETABLE

PULMONARY BALSAM

IS the most valuable remedy now in use for coughs, colds, asthma, or phthisic, whooping cough, and pulmonary affections of every kind. Its sale is steadily increasing and the proprietors are constantly receiving the most favorable account of its effects. The following new certificates are offered for public examination.
From Dr Samuel Morrill to the Proprietors of the Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam.
I am satisfied that the Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam is a valuable medicine. It has been used in this place with complete success in an obstinate complaint of the lungs, attended with a severe cough, loss of voice, and the raising of much blood, which had previously resisted many approved prescriptions. After using the Balsam one week the patient's voice returned and he was enabled to speak audibly. This case occurred some time since, and the man is now engaged not only in active but laborious business. Respectfully yours, &c
SAMUEL MORRILL, M. D.
Concord, N. H. Jan 30, 1832.
From Mr Samuel Everett.
In October 1830, I was attacked with a cough accompanied with a severe pain in the side and difficulty of breathing. I resorted to several remedies but without effect. In January 1831, I was attended by a skilful physician, and subsequently received the advice of several others—but the disease steadily increased; the cough was incessant, attended with a bloody and offensive expectoration; my flesh was wasted, my feet swollen and my strength extremely reduced. In April my case seemed to be utterly hopeless—I was told by my physicians that medicine could be of no further service to me, and it was not expected by any of my friends that I could survive a month. In this situation my daughter procured a bottle of the Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam, (which she had heard highly recommended for similar complaints) and prevailed on me to make trial of it. Its use was attended with the most unexpected and happy result. It gave me immediate relief and one bottle effected a cure. I have since been free from pain in the side and cough, except in the case of common colds. SAMUEL EVERETT.
Boston, March 1, 1832.
Particular Caution. Each genuine bottle is enclosed in a blue wrapper, on which is a yellow label signed SAMPSON REED. *** None other can be genuine.—The great celebrity of the genuine V. P. Balsam has been the cause of attempts to introduce spurious articles, which by partially assuming the name of the genuine, are calculated to mislead the public. Among these spurious mixtures are the 'American Pulmonary Balsam,' 'Vegetable Pulmonary Balsamic Syrup,' &c. Purchasers should inquire for the true article by its whole name, and see that it has the marks and signature of the genuine.
Sold by LOWE & REED, 24 Merchants' Row, and by druggists, generally. Price 50 cts. 3m feb 9

MOTT'S PATENT

MEDICATED BATHS,

Corner of Lynde and Cambridge Streets,
BOSTON.
Important to the Afflicted!!!

THE Gifted Lady, Mrs. MOTT, Female Physician, corner of Lynde and Cambridge Streets, having, since her residence in Boston, of two years, attended to more than four thousand patients, some hundreds of which are acknowledged to be extraordinary Cures, by means of her Baths, and system of medicine, she deems it proper to make it known more generally, that those who can get no relief from medical aid, may know where to apply. She would not particularize cases, as all diseases, except those arising from or tending to immorality, are attended to, and particular attention paid to children. In the medicines, no mercury, no minerals, no poison is used.
The Baths are vapor, distilled from herbs, passing through a chamber charged with essential oils. They are medicated as the case may require. They are highly agreeable to the healthy, as well as beneficial to the sick, and unlike any other Baths in use. The Champooing is used to produce friction, in Contractions and Chronic Complaints. Many hundred citizens can be referred to; but the object is not to importune, but to give information, and ask a trial.
N. B. The subscriber, having to attend to Preparations, Baths, &c., will discontinue to practise as a Surgeon or Dentist from this date, except to cases now under his care. He would return his thanks for the liberal patronage he has received.
R. D. MOTT.
The Ladies' Medical Oracle may be had as above. Patent rights for Families, and Agents for towns and villages, may be purchased on application.
feb 21

PRICE REDUCED.

VEGETABLE EXTRACT.—This is the most valuable remedy yet discovered for the cure of Throat Distemper, or Malignant, Putrid, Ulcerated Sore Throat, Scarlet Fever, Canker Rash, Canker in the Mouth, Throat and Bowels, Diarrhea, Dysentery, Sore Mouth of nursing women, and Acid Humors of Teething Children; in short, for almost all the affections of the Mucous membrane of the mouth, throat and alimentary canal.—These diseases are acknowledged by all physicians to be of the most severe and obstinate character, and have long baffled their skill and research. The discovery therefore of an effectual remedy for them, particularly for the various forms of Scarlet Fever, must be considered by every true philanthropist as an invaluable desideratum. As a common and perfectly safe family medicine, it will be found of inestimable value in cases of common sore throats and colds—disordered state of the stomach and bowels—such as habitual costiveness, indigestion, flatulency, nausea and vomiting. Also, in cases of weakness arising from fever and all debilitating diseases, and as consumption, &c.; it will be found very beneficial as a cathartic and alterative, as it neither causes debility, nor does it, as is the case with the operation of most medicine, so readily dispose one to take cold.
The *Vegetable Extract* has now been sometime before the public, and its great powers justly tested. Hundreds of individuals have successfully tried it, and several eminent physicians are in the almost daily use of it in their practice, who are truly astonished at its great curative qualities, and are ready to give their testimony in favor of its efficiency and power. There now remains but one obstacle in the way of its very general use, and that is the price. The proprietors, being desirous to obviate this difficulty, have therefore determined to reduce the price to 62 1-2 cents per bottle, for one year, which barely remunerates for the great expense of preparing the article; this will bring it within the means of every person, so that no one need suffer for the want of it; and the poor man be able to obtain it for himself and family, as well as the rich.
N. B.—Should any one still feel scrupulous of what is here stated, relative to the Vegetable Extract, and will call on one of the proprietors, No. 118 State street, Boston, besides the recommendations which will accompany each bottle, other abundant and most satisfactory evidence will be exhibited respecting it.
For sale wholesale and retail by one of the Proprietors and General Agent, RALPH SMITH, 118 State street. Sold also by Maynard & Noyes, 13 and 15 Cornhill; William Brown, 481 Washington street; Pearson & Rowland, 188 Washington street; Brewer & Brothers, 90 Washington street; J. P. Hall, 1 Union st; E. Holden, corner of Chesnut st; James Fowle, corner of Green and Leverett st; C. Holbrook, 18 Leverett st; J. L. Moffat, corner of Chamber and Poplar st; D. Hinman, 41 Cambridge st; F. Plummer, 118 State st; C. French, 181 Hanover st; A. Boyden, 24 Hanover st; R. A. Newell, corner of Summer and South st; J. P. Elliot, 81 Hanover st; S. W. Fowle, 33 Prince st; J. P. Whitwell, corner of Milk and Bath st; J. P. Prescott, corner of Federal and Williams st. may 2

AMERICAN

PULMONARY BALSAM.

The Safest and most certain Remedy for Consumption, Asthma, Pleurisy, Spitting of Blood, Whooping Cough, Influenza, Coughs and Colds, and all Pulmonary Diseases.

THIS Medicine was originally the private recipe of a distinguished Physician, in whose practice it was used with the most decided success.

CERTIFICATE.

This certifies that my daughter has for a long time been troubled with a bad cough, pains in her side, under the shoulder blade, and in her head; she was unable to take any kind of food without it produced severe pains in her stomach; her sleep was very restless, attended with slight sweats, and in fact she had all the most appalling symptoms of consumption. Frequent journeys into the country had been tried without producing any effect. She was at last recommended to try the American Pulmonary Balsam, by her physician, as it had been known to afford great relief in such cases, and to our great surprise she was in a short time totally relieved from all the above symptoms. I can therefore cordially recommend to every one afflicted with any affection of the lungs or stomach, this medicine, as in my opinion, it will much more than realize their expectations.
(signed) WM W. MOTLEY.
Boston, Sept. 16, 1833.
Directions for using, and several other certificates from highly respectable individuals accompanying each bottle.
Purchasers should be particular to get the American Pulmonary Balsam, as there are some other kinds for sale of a similar name.
Sold wholesale and retail by F. S. & N. CARRUTH, No 4 Long whf, who are sole agents for the proprietor, and by Druggists generally 3m feb [illegible]

NEW BOOKS.

PHILIP'S GUIDE.—Manly Piety in its realizations. By Robert Philip, of Maberly Chapel.
Lives of English Highwaymen, Pirates and Robbers. By C Whitehead, Esq. 2 vols.
Marie, the Bandit's daughter—a Poem.
Webster's Speeches, 2 vols. 8vo. neatly bound in cloth, with a correct likeness.
Six Lectures on Revivals of Religion, delivered in the Universalist Church in Portland, 1834. By Menzies Rayner.
For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, [illegible] ington street.